

WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

15th Year. No. 6.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 5, 1898.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

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TWO KINDS OF FOOLS.

See Article on
page 3.

Bliss and Blister.

Whatever man possesses, God hath lent.
—Pletcher.

Were it not for night we would never
see the glistening stars above us.

Gratitude is a virtue that has commonly
profit annexed to it.—Epictetus.

Each good thought or action moves the
dark world nearer to the sun.—Whittier.

Where love is there is no labor; and if
there be labor, that labor is love.—Austin.

How many among us at this very hour
Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves.
—Tennison.

Nothing can strengthen our hearts like
knowing that God has promised to be
our strength.

The man who thinks the world owes
him a living finds it hard now-a-days to
collect the debt.

No nation can rest on a solid foundation
that has not for its corner-stone the
law of the Lord.

It takes the dark background to bring
out in richest tintings the exquisite pen-
cillings of the artist.

It is a great deal easier for some people
to pray for the preacher than to do their
part towards his support.

Nothing is impossible. There are ways
which lead to everything, and it we
had sufficient will we should always have
sufficient means.—Roche (Gardner).

The example of others should have
weight with us only so far as it cor-
responds with the Word of God.

We do not shake off our yesterday's,
and maintain no farther relation to
them; they follow us; they constitute
our life, and they give us rest and force,
and meaning to our present deeds.

No man can tell whether he is rich or
poor by turning to his ledger. It is the
heart that makes a man rich. He is rich
or poor according to what he has, not
according to what he wants.—Becher.

There is no land where man can not
dwell, no land where he cannot uplift
his eyes to heaven; wherever we are,
the distance of the Divine from the
human remains the same.—Seneca.

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel
just."

And he but naked, though locked up in
steel.

Whose conscience with injustice is con-
founded.

Every kind word spoken to one who is
trouble-bitten and bowed down under
the burden of sorrow, will add another
valuable murmuring ripple to that mus-
sling flowing stream of joyousness in
which our own life is floating.

CORRECT COMBINATION.

Remarkable Success of the Salvation
Army Life Assurance, London, Eng.

"Assurance" is the name of a new
monthly booklet issued by the Life
Assurance Department, in connection
with our Insurance, in which we give
and from the information given in these
pages, we gather that the business of
the Department is an exceeding pro-
sperous one. Insurance officers of the
Department are now engaged in an ac-
tive campaign to increase the business
still more, and have already held many
successful meetings in which their blend-
edness and religion in a happy com-
bination, as will be seen from the fol-
lowing extract from a report of a great
demonstration conducted by Brigadier
Marchant at Nelson:

"People say we ought not to mix our-
selves up with business. If it had been
said for the business side of our Sal-
vation Army, it would not have been
able to have done anything like the good
it has done, and should not have been
attracted to the Army, and the Manager,
our soldiers wear uniform, and what
should hinder us from making uniform,
and providing for them the best that
can be had, seeing the profits help to save
the world."

Splendid Advantages of Our Army
Bank

was dealt with, and the Annuity Busi-

As to embodying sacrifice in our creed, or making it an essential part of our everyday life, the gospel of sacrifice is fast being supplanted by the gospel of self-indulgence; the gospel of action by the gospel of sentiment; the gospel of the Cross by the gospel of the Crown.

ness, which was the primary cause of
this war, which has now become such
rapid advance. The people believe in
our Assurance Society. In spite of the
many untruthful statements that have
been made, we have a premium at the
end of the fourth year larger than the
largest society had in this country in
twelve years. We have £11,000 per week
income in Premiums, and we have paid
£200 claims; so you see we do pay claims.

We have a staff of over 1,000, and they
are mostly Salvationists and Christian
men and women, and we have paid
£200 claims. These are a great mission-
ary power in themselves; they go
amongst the people and speak salvation
to them. Many cases of conversion
and backsliders reclaimed can be told
in which they have been the instruments,
in God's hands, in pointing them to
Calvary. The big game of preparation both for
this world and the next, and we closed with
much prejudice removed, and two souls
seeking salvation.

The above report will be better under-
stood and appreciated if we read the
following three incidents, illustrating the
manner in which the business of the
Assurance Department is conducted:

Within Six Hours.

3, Aynham Road, Peckham, S.E.,
Bryanston Road, 30th August, 1888.

To the Manager, Salvation Army Life
Assurance Society:

Dear Sir,—I wish to thank you for the
prompt way in which you paid the claim
on the death of my dear son (the late
money within six hours from the time
when I handed your slip intended (Mr.
Kendall) the certificate and papers.

(Signed) F. W. M. Naby.

Witness: Mrs. Kendall.

Not Entitled, but

26, Lisson Grove, S. J. L. Wood,
14th Sept. 1888.

To the Manager, Salvation Army Life
Assurance Society:

Dear Sir,—I am indeed grateful for
the prompt payment of £110, paid by
your Society on the death of my child,
A. E. Doyle, although I was not entitled
to any benefit, as my child was only
deceased twelve weeks, but your Assur-
ance-Superintendent paid me the full
amount, which I fully appreciate, and
shall be only too pleased to recommend
the Society to all my friends in return
for your straightforwardness to me.

I remain, yours sincerely,

(Signed) F. M. Doyle.

Witness: F. A. Easty.

Betrayal and Suicide.

Under the above heading, the following
appeared in the Daily Mail, of Septem-
ber 21st:

A pathetic case of suicide was inquired
into yesterday at Chancery, having been
deceased, he had a young girl
named Eliza Haycock, nineteen, who had
killed herself by taking poison.

She had formerly been in service at
Birmingham, where she had become in-
timate with a man who was apparently in a
good position, and who evidently had
her astray. She was sent to a home at
Leamington, but lately she again met her
betrayal.

A very touching letter was left by the
deceased, who wrote: "I pray God may
bring me to my wife in judgment, so that
they may be in judgment."

She

warned young people of the pitfall into
which she had fallen, and concluded:
"I am not sorry to meet my dear girl's
lives as he has ruined mine."

A verdict of "Suicide while of unsound
mind" was returned.

The next day we received from the
father of above this letter of thanks for
prompt settlement of Assurance claim:

42, Manchester Road,
Hinxton, near Acerrington,
22nd Sept. 1888.

Dear Sir,—I beg to thank you for the
prompt manner in which you have settled
my claim with respect to the sad death
of my daughter. Wishing you every
success in your work.

I remain,

(Signed) John Ellis Lallcock.

Witness: Edna Jane Brown.

Humorous incidents are not lacking,
as will be seen by the following clipping,
which we serve as a dessert to our read-
ers:

Transparent.

A dignified candidate for an Agency
fills up his application form—"Occupation,"
"Witness."

On the assistant, breaking the sam-
ple-gentleman is described as a "Window
Cleaner."

We hope this distinction is clear.

Sanctity of the Sabbath.

"To the Editor of the L.—
"Dear Sir,—It is an unwritten law that
the quiet of the public streets in all
decently regulated towns and cities,
should be maintained during the hours
of seven and eight in the evenings of
Sundays. Why should I—
the exception and allow the Salvation
Army to parade the streets during
those hours, much to the annoyance of
the members of at least one congrega-
tion. The banging of a hideous instru-
ment—so-called a drum—an earnest
preacher is imparting instruction to his
flock, is to put it mildly—irking. Our
worthy Mayor is known to be very
strong feeling as to the sanctity of the
Sabbath—wouldn't it be well if he would
direct his attention to those brasses
and disturbers of the sanctity of public
worship, so that the congregations can
worship in peace. Yours truly,
A. C."

The above cutting is from an Eastern
newspaper, and shows us that the poe-
ple (in common sense) we have always
with us. These people think they are
wise when they carry a letter printed
in a newspaper and call other folks
names, such as brewers, distillers, &c.
With regards to such cheap pro-
ceedings, we feel like the magnanimous
king, who, when he was told that there
was a most insulting letter posted in a
public place, calling him a drunkard,
said: "I think the letter lower, so
that the people can read it better."

The "worthy" Mayor, in this case, we
believe, has not only a very strong feel-
ing on the sanctity of the Sabbath, but
also on the sanctity of good sense, and
knows what is bad sense even when it is
printed.

"God will not call you to account for
the four or five talents you have not re-
ceived, but He will call a strict account
for that one which He has entrusted to
you, and which is your special grace."

A Favorite Hymn of the General.

Wherever the General gives out
a song in a meeting he makes
running comments on the thoughts
suggested by the stanzas of the
hymn, and in that manner arouses
his congregations to more hearty and
intelligent singing. One of his favorite
hymns is the well-known—

"Jesus, the Name high over all."

A reporter took down for the War
Cry a few of the General's comments,
which will be of interest to our read-
ers.

"Jesus, the Name to sinners dear"—"or
it OUGHT to be.

"He scatters all my guilty fear"—where
He is allowed to do so! When I have
made a full confession of my sins!

"Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks"—
He breaks the force of bad habits. People
are what their habits make them.

"He breaks the force of bad habits. People
are what their habits make them. The ap-
perly the most of the prisoner's fetters
man's MASTER! I remember a man
who said, 'I have signed the pledge
twenty-three times, and twenty-three
times I have broken it. There is no hope
for me—none at all! So strong is the
power of it over me that though I know
it means instant damnation, I must have
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the pledge twenty-three times, and twenty

Two Kinds of Fools.

(To our frontispiece.)

"I tell you, I know how to make hay while the sun shines. Look at that fool neighbor of mine; there is every indication that it will rain to-morrow, and that he will never be able to get his hay dried, because he started too late. Besides him right if it all rained in the field; he had no business to go and fool his time away with old sick Ahner, who would not have been sick if he had taken my advice. But that neighbor of mine wants to show himself off as the only f. h. w. that cares for everybody, as if I did not send the old man a great deal more food than he ever did."

So spoke Ittal, the rich farmer. He was rich—not that he was particularly hard working, for he had inherited the fine farm from his father, but having learned to look after his cow, and being naturally shrewd, he succeeded well in increasing his wealth.

Iram, his neighbor, was poor, but had a very sympathetic heart. When anyone was suffering he would go to give him a word of cheer, to the poor he would bring a share of his own living, with tenderness and without offense; the well-to-do would visit to brighten their loneliness, and the sick he would nurse, often at considerable sacrifice and inconvenience.

Ittal, of course, gave his aid; as far as many times more poor Iram could give, but Ittal took good care to let everybody know how much he gave, and let those whom he benefited feel that they were receiving charity.

Iram had found an old man, Ah-er, sick in his hut a few days ago—thrown down with fever. He was unresponsive to caring for him. Iram's hut had been cut and wanted turning, but he could not leave the old man in his fever; so he had sent word to Ittal to let him in one of his servants to perform the work, but had received the answer, that Ittal's crop was so large that he would require all his servants to bring it under shelter. What should Iram do?

His Heart Decided Quickly

to risk his hay, but not Ahner's life and comfort.

That's why Ittal called Iram a fool. Ittal sat on the porch of his fine residence and watched the overhired waggoners bringing in the sweet-smelling, well-cured hay, and his heart said to him: "Well done, Ittal, you are a thorough farmer, and you know how to do this well."

His eye was flashing upon so much display of prosperity and comfort around him.

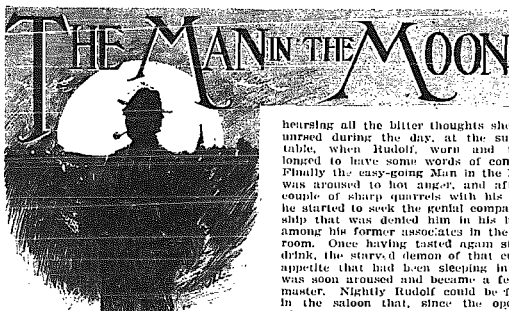
"I think I shall go to town to-morrow, to see the architect and get him to make me plans of how to enlarge his barn. I want an up-to-date affair, with cranes and derricks and all labor-saving devices, recently invented. It will be a good investment, as I have a large income to enjoy life and all its comfort." And he planned, how great a dazzling display of wealth he would make next month, when he was going to give his daughter in marriage to a wealthy citizen's son. Such a feast it would be!

There was an All-seeing Eye looking on Ittal and Iram at the time. God saw from the angels upon a long row of figures to his credit—though poor in earthly goods, he was called rich in heaven, and his bounding emotion swelled every day. God did say the "well done" to him, but not to Ittal, who was wise in his own conceit only.

Ittal was revelling in the thought of how his riches would afford him greater ease and allow him more costly indulgences, when God spoke to him. "This is what God said:

"THOU FOOL, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; for thou wast careless of these things, be which thou hast provided?"

SO IS HE "THAT LAZYETH UP TREASURES FOR HIMSELF, AND IS NOT RICH TOWARD GOD.—LUKE xii. 21.



IV.

See the brazen hots of all
Art and power employing;
More than human tongue can tell,
How tonight will destroy.
Mark! from ruin's ghastly road,
Victims groan beneath their load,
Forward! ah, ye sons of Jeda,
And dare or be or die.

"Say, boss, what is that rascal doing there?" a farmer asked of the hotel-keeper as he watched a ragged, thin, dirty man turning over the empty beer-barrels, that were put outside upon the stoop ready for the bar-keeper's man to fetch them away—and twisting his body in the endeavor to bring the

hearsal all the bitter thoughts she had unred during the day, at the supper-table, when Rudolf, worn and tired, longed to have some words of comfort. Finally the easy-going Man in the Moon was aroused to hot anger, and after a couple of sharp quavels with his wife, he started to seek the genial companionship that was denied him in his home, among his former associates in the bar-room. Once having tasted again strong drink, the starved demon of that cursed appetite that had been sleeping in him was soon aroused and became a fearful master. Nightly Rudolf could be found in the saloon that, since the opening of the factory, had been conveniently started near by, for the spider always spreads his web where he can catch the most flies.

The bar-tender was a "jolly good fellow," and Rudolf was just the "boy" for him, for he could tell a joke that would make the crowd sit their sides with laughing, or he could sing a song that entertained and deceived the customers, so there was no difficulty in getting credit if his cash ran out.

What a magical charm the liquor has. A few glasses made Rudolf forget his trouble, made life worth living to him.

Too late, Minnie saw her mistake. It was too late then to avail. The trouble seemed irreparable, and her tears proved of no avail.



THE MAN IN THE MOON COLLECTING HIS TAXES.

hunch into such a position that he could drain the last drop of the few drops of saur beer that remained in it when it was taken off the tap.

"Oh, that is the Man in the Moon collecting his taxes; he does that every day, for he cannot get enough money to keep him in drink. He is the lowest bum in town."

It was Rudolf. He had made a desperate effort to begin life anew, after he was turned out of the "Moon," and had been fortunate enough to secure a good position in a new factory that had just been established in the growing town, the latter having indulged in boom, since the railway had come that way.

Rudolf had once more been full of plans as to the future and in comparative good spirits had taken his first step. Not so his wife, who did not like the idea of leaving to exchange the splendid private and comfortable rooms at the "Moon," and move into a small cottage; it was a fearful humiliation to Minnie. Frequently she would have some bitter and cutting things to say about the change, until Rudolf began to find them irritating. It must be said in favor of the moon that he truly worked hard and was anxious to get ahead, as the saying is, but his wife was so kind to his effort, or else her own sense of disgrace was so keen, that she seldom had a word of cheer or a caress for him; and not only was this chilling indifference to her husband's efforts becoming more marked, but she had the unhappy practice of re-

not enter. Rudolf really was a poor soldier now. As soon as he was in the morning he would start on his aimless journey through the town like a piece of driftwood, carried hither and thither with the whirling eddies of the current of evil, landing here and there, where there was a chance to be treated in a saloon, but only in the lowest, for the more "respectable" saloons could not tolerate him on their premises.

Such was the condition of affairs when the Salvation Army opened here on Dec. 1. It was shortly after that, that the conversation between the parish priest and the Captain of the S. A. took place, as related in the first chapter of this tale.

(To be continued.)

REPROOF.

"And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them." Eph. v. 11.

It is not the easiest thing to administer reproof rightly and timely, but it is a duty which every Christian should endeavor wherever it is met.

The following incident will show the value of gloves in reproof. The Rev. C. H. Mead was travelling in the S. A. States when some undesirable company came into the car. We cannot do better than give the account in his own words.

"Two men at last came and took the seat in front of me. Shortly after one of them took a little from his pocket, pulled the cork, and handed the bottle to his companion. He took a drink, and the first one took a drink, and took and forth the bottle passed, until at last it was empty and they were full. Then one of them commenced swearing, and such profanity I never heard in my life. My men shrunk back, while the heads of the men were uplifted to see where the stream of profanity came from. I went on for some time, until I felt cold, and then said, 'By the help of my Master, I will let them know that it is by being to the devil, I belong to the Lord Jesus.' So straightening up and taking a deep breath, I began singing in a voice that could be heard by all in the car:

"There is a Fountain filled with Blood,
Drawn from Emanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

Before I had finished the first verse and chorus, the passengers had crowded down around me, and the blasphemer had turned round and looked at me with a face resembling a thunder-cloud. As I finished the chorus, he said:

"What are you doing?"
"I am singing," I replied.
"Well," said he, "any fool can understand that."
"I am glad you understand it."
"What are you thinking of him?"
"I am singing the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ."
"Well, you quit,"
"Quit what?"
"Quit singing your religion on the cars."
"I guess not," I replied, "I don't belong to the Quit family; my name is Mead. For the last half hour you have been standing by my master; now if in the next half hour I am going to stand up for my Master."

"Who is my master?"
"The devil is your master—while Jesus Christ is mine. As you stand up for my Master as you are of yours, now I am going to have my turn, if the passing train will not object."

"Quit singing out!" "Sing on, strong and true!"
We like that!"

I sang on, and as the train verse was finished, the blasphemer turned his face away and I saw nothing of him, except that but the back of his head, and that it was the handsomest part of him. If I "Don't think of him any more," as I said to say I have never seen him. Sang after song followed, and I soon had other voices to help me. When the song ceased, the old man came to me, put out his hand, and said:

"Sir, I owe you thanks for a publican; that sweeter and a confession. I don't think I have ever before given thanks to my Master. I am to stand up for Him wherever I am. What about the confession?"

"Yes, in my daily-third year, I have been a preacher of the Gospel for over sixty years. When I heard the man singing, I was so much rebuked, that I rose from my seat two or three times to do so, but my tongue failed. I have not much longer to live, but never again will I refuse to show my colors anywhere."

An evangelist heard his life ever wish to sing, "Is not this the Lord of Death?" He joined in the washing, singing. "Yes, this is the land of the living!"



By MRS. MAJOR SMERTON.



A reply from the challenge of a few weeks ago reads as follows: "Adj. E. Macnamara, of James'own, N. D., accepts Ensign Balfey's challenge to collect the most money for her personal G. B. M. Box this quarter ending Dec. 1918." We would like to hear from other officers on this subject.

There have been many Local Agents during the past quarter, who, owing to the Harvest Festival, maintained their inability to collect in their boxes. Some have hinted that their corps officer would not allow them to do so. Now it is a well-understood regulation that no special effort, or in fact any circumstances, are to hinder the Local Agents from making his (or her) collections. The Self-Denial will be coming on during the present quarter, but if the Locals do not attend promptly and regularly to their boxes, they will find the box-holders losing interest, and thinking the Agent has done the same, the result is a very poor collection. Now, this ought not to be. Should anyone in the future be in doubt concerning this matter your Provincial Agent can give you all information necessary on this point.

Sister Mrs. Anderson, of Watford, Ont., has 40 boxes in a small town of 1000 people, and is a thoroughly reliable and interested G. B. M. worker. God bless this dear faithful Local Agent.

Ensign Perry, of the Eastern Province is highly pleased with a certain collection, as the following extract will prove. "Just think, \$11.50 for a place like Glace Bay! It is a mining town and not very large. Miners must have good hearts. The two Dunkels, McLan and McPherson, have the work at heart. I don't know whether in the annals of the G. B. M. history for the East, such a collection was ever made. The two agents each gave \$5, also Bro. Carmichael and Bro. Chas. Cameron donated the same amount." God abundantly reward these big-hearted miners.

Another good collection from the East was made by Miss Ellis and Sister Blatch, of Charlottetown, P.E.I., amounting to \$21. These Sisters are old standbys, and their work is so well known by this time that it scarcely needs any commendations from my pen, but we do think you, comrades.

Clark's Harbor, with Miss Lazale Colquhoun and Mrs. John Braman in charge, collected \$8. Marysville, a small place with Mrs. S. Osbourne as Local Agent, \$5, and St. Georges, Ber., where Miss Fanny Birch labors, brings in \$6.12. These all deserve special mention.

Another challenge comes from Mother Broadwell, of Kingsville, who has been a Local Agent for some time now, and met with most encouraging success. MOTHER CHALLENGES ANY LOCAL AGENT IN THE TERRITORY to beat her in her own personal box-collection for this quarter ending Dec. 1918.

Now Locals, who will accept the challenge of the dear old lady who last quarter collected \$44.00. Let me hear from you at once.

A few names worthy of mention in the W. O. P. are: Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock; Mrs. Diox, Searforth; Mrs. Anderson, Searforth; Mr. Downer, Petrolia; Miss M. Loyd, Windsor; Mrs. F. Finkle, Stratford; Mrs. Henderson, Ingersoll; Mrs. Smith, God-rich; Mrs. Johnstone, Hespeler; Miss Pearson, Norwich; Mrs. Egerton, Galt; Mrs. Beesford, Stratford; Bro. Goldard, Ayr; Sister West, Paris; Bro. W. Scott, Guelph.

From Ensign Sims' domain the following places have done excellently: Barre, Vt., \$15; Montreal I., \$10.77; St. Albans, Vt., \$6; Coaticook, \$3.92; Pembroke, \$3.50; Amherst, \$7; Port Hope, \$2.59; Belleville, \$4.70; Meaford, \$3; Ganouque, \$2.70; Kingston, \$2.70; Petrolia,

boro, \$5.70; Sunbury, \$3.10; Quebec, \$16.08; Montreal II., \$6.62.

The C. O. P. have a few braves and their number is being added to greatly. We shall see! Budsville, \$3.51; Milland, \$4.33; Kuyonow, \$4; Sudbury, \$4.82; Griffla, \$4.32; Barrie, \$4.50; St. Catharines, \$4.00; Hamilton, \$5.15; Lindsay, \$4.30; Headquarters, \$16.23; Toronto Rescue Home, \$4.50; Yorkville, \$5.10; Meaford, \$3.20.

Space prevents us from mentioning many worthy collections, seemingly small amounts, yet collected under many hard circumstances. To all these we would tender our warmest thanks, and pray God to bless even those obscure workers in difficult corners. The "Inasmuch" is yours, comrades.

Cry readers will notice the maiden tour of Ensign Stagers, of the Pacific Province. So this long-delayed P. A. has really been able to commence his work. We are really delighted at this. Now, Locals of his Province, stand faithfully by his side and help him on to victory.

CALGARY.—Special week-end. Conviction stamped on many faces. At night one weary backslider found his way out to the front. We all welcome our corps Sgt. McCleod, from Edmonton, who will be with us for the winter.

EMERSON, Man.—Last Thursday night we had a very nice box social at Joliette, surprised by our J. S. S.-M., Dan Shaugh, and he deserves great credit for the way he has been working among the children in this place. He has bought an organ and paid for the same. Our meetings here have been a success from the beginning. At Gladstone we had a Graphophone Service, well attended and very much appreciated. Collections good. Last Friday night at Kingsville we had what they call a bun night. I saw the buns but not the light, anyway everybody had a good feed for their body, and in the farewell meeting, food for the soul was meted out—W. G. Halsten, Lieut., Capt. Pitch, C. O.

Central Chips.

ST. CATHARINES.

We have just spent a very profitable week end at the above corps. Ensign Fox, the commanding officer, had spared no pains to work up interest and enthusiasm on behalf of the meeting. So that when Mrs. Gaskin and myself, with Eva, arrived on Saturday night it was to find everyone concerned in a state of expectancy.

Saturday night had been announced as a "Musical Flur-up," and a magnificent crowd gathered.

Sunday was a fine day. The sun shone in splendor and seemed to give us an extra smile as we made our way to Notre, at the same time endeavoring to compensate us a little by his warm rays, for the somewhat chilly morning air.

The holiness meeting was a splendid time. God was manifest present, and at the close three came forward to the Mercy Seat, two for husbands and one poor backslider for salvation.

The afternoon repast was delicious. A splendid crowd of men gathered round and listened with eager interest. The march was the biggest for months, and the inside congregation nearly filled the barracks. The meeting was one of exceptional power.

A magnificent crowd assembled at night and although many were deeply convicted, as with bowed heads tears fell down their cheeks, two raised their hands for prayer.

Monday night after an illuminated procession, one hundred and eighty people listened with interest to a splendid address. The income for the week-end was \$7.

It would be interesting to say that nearly 300 extra Crys have been sold the last three weeks, and this corps has increased its order from only \$5 per week. They have some regular customers.

A. G.

Stopping to speak of Jesus to a ragged boy in the street may make him a star in the coronet of Jesus.

Armour Bearer Heard From.

In a personal letter to Mrs. Read, Mr. Van Allen writes as follows:—

"A word about myself. One year ago this second of last May, my dear wife fell, suddenly, taken in Jesus. Not one of my three dear boys was home, nor were they near enough to summon them home to their mother's funeral. As soon as the Major, Fred, heard of his mother's death, he wrote to me to come and live with him, but I was not prepared to take in Jesus, and I sat in a situation in Clutham, and remained there until about the first of April last, when Fred again wrote me to come, and on the 21st of April I left Windsor, and arrived here on the 5th of May, just a year to the day on which Mrs. Van Allen was buried; and here I am in a foreign country with one to talk to except Fred and his wife, a clerk in the office down stairs, and a Staff-Captain, a German lady who edits the French and German War Cry. All German or French soldiers, only two that I know of who speak English. There is a fine corps here numbering upwards of 200. Most of them are women. They look splendid on a Sunday afternoon or evening on the platform, in Hall jerseys, bannets, and the men in red jerseys. They have used me beautifully in the meetings and outside. I only attend on Sundays, afternoon and evening, and they always give me such a welcome, when I take the platform. I generally attend on Tuesday evenings as they usually have the Staff-Captain to lead, and she interprets anything I say in the way of testimony. So you see, my dear sister, I am a stranger in a strange land. Even Fred's four little children talk French, but I am teaching them to understand me pretty well. Please do not forget me in your prayers."

Mr. Van Allen will be remembered by Cry readers as an old and faithful correspondent, Armour Bearer. He is now with his son in Basle, Switzerland, Major Fred Van Allen, and his wife, nee Capt. Mary Langtry, who were two of Canada's earliest officers.

It is encouraging to hear of the old comrades being still true to the old flag in distant ball fields.



WEEKLY WATCHWORD: ZEAL.

Daily Tonic,

To be Taken Early in the Mornings.

SUNDAY.—Divine zeal gave Jesus. Isa. ix. 1-7.

MONDAY.—Self-forgetting zeal bears the reproach of Christ. Psalm lxxix. 7-9.

TUESDAY.—Holy zeal to destroy evil. John ii. 13-17.

WEDNESDAY.—Warrior zeal to play the enemies of the Lord. II Kings x. 15-17.

THURSDAY.—Ignorant zeal. Romans x. 1-3.

FRIDAY.—Superstitious zeal. Acts vii. 8; Matt. 23.

SATURDAY.—Zeal, one of the Divine equipments of service. Isaiah lxx. 16-17.

Better to burn with a consuming zeal, And find the ember fire in duty done, Than in some cushioned nook no pulse to feel, With heart untried—a life with nothing done.

J. P.

Three Scenes in David's Life.

A SOLDIER'S STORY.

David by name, and David by nature. He was no hero in build, and yet no one who knew him would have questioned that there was a dash of the heroic in his make-up. His lot in life might be best on what is called a lower plane, and humble, but the thorough way in which duties were performed lifted each higher and made them all great. The bare, unromantic walls of a brush factory bounded his daily horizon, and his hands were grimy with the constant oiling of his engineering toll. There was not a harder working man than David in all the Motor Brush Works; he was one of the first to enter and the last to leave; he had less time to gossip than any other on the place, he had less time to linger over the midday meal, and not more individual interest into the fulfilling of his tasks than any other six men on the place; but he was a soldier.

David was a Salvationist; all the factory knew it, but the complaint, "Go to work," was never hurled at him. There was one week in the year when the Salvationists took a longer dinner hour than usual, but everyone knew that it was not for rest or recreation, for in these days he stood at the altar with a prayer book, waiting for the receipt of his workmates' \$10.00 donations. David's conversation was a mystery to many of his more matter-of-fact companions. They could not see why his inventive mind need puzzle and plan over new schemes for more in-great mechanism than those with which his fingers were daily occupied. Why he would worry over the bringing to perfection of that electric street light, they could not conjecture. This bright light was one of ingenious construction, and when swung at the head of the Army march was destined to prove a great success, as well as affording a means for the reading of the band journals.

"That band!" David's whole soul was wrapped up in it. All his mental taste and skill which, in worldly days, had made him the star of many a gay company were concentrated to make it a success. How he talked and trifled, giving infinite pains to the cultivating of each ear, and with an infinite patience he bore with the blunders of his hopeless blunders-of the well-saved, but hopelessly unmelodious and avers of Bro. Saunders, whose figure loomed at once surrounded with the circular rays, but who would never, never make a musician.

But what musical proficiency the handsomeness attained was after all a poor thing of obligation which they owed the bandmaster. Some twenty-eight in the band and most of them his own converts, what had he to be satisfied with, but to do for them? It was commonly spoken throughout the Division that David's band was as distinguished for its playing as by its religious character, and that his chief attribute of the fact chiefly to his

own example. If a solitary bandsman did slip away after the first meeting, the bandmaster did not even occasionally demand his instrument, his absence was made the more conspicuous by the indomitable presence of the little bandmaster, who, with his eyes on the net leading the singler, or in his earnest voice pouring out earnest prayer, or kneeling amongst the people engaged in comprehensive and official prayer, dealing, never flinched from his devotion to the Sunday night duty. In the open-air David's ever-ready testimony inspiring many more, did awake with its wonderful pauses, and tired officers would remark, when some burdens pressed the heaviest, "Well, whatever his sin, the bandmaster is a man of strength." Only the benediction closed David's day, and often after that the lowered lights found him pointing some belated penitent to the Cross, or pleading with some tardy yielder to the claims of God. This undaunted perseverance, although six o'clock next morning must find him at his daily toll!

"Killing him by inches," was the comment of the non-comprehensive multitude.

"This fire has ruined us. My best inventions—the work of many years—have all gone. The machinery is destroyed, and the workshop is as desolate as the old home. With no one of my help to help I've no heart to begin again. There is nothing left but the grave." Thus wrote David's father. Nine years before that father had turned his son out of doors because he refused to break his connection with the Salvation Army. The letter reached David when he was the manager of a candle-making engineering properly with brighter prospects at the Brush Factory, and at a moment when his dearest hopes and fondest plans for the consolidation and blessing of his beloved band looked near fulfillment. David's father lived a hundred

in the open-air. The way they rang, praved and spoke made one feel as if the whole content of reformation and fervor had come into the corps.

David and his wife had soon found work to do. They both were of that character which is ever on the lookout for it. The corps was low—very low—and in every sense a painful contrast to the one they had left. David's musical ear and sensitive heart had ached together on the first night's march. The soldiers were discouraged. Retreating interest had well left the barracks high and dry. But all these difficulties did not abate the courage of the two new soldiers, and they went at it with a will. David's wife visited, prayed with, and encouraged the ladies, while David himself strove to infuse enthusiasm and a feeling of responsibility among the men. With pains-taking energy he endeavored, against gigantic odds, to get together a balanced band—a very much different task to the one which he had previously undertaken. Into the meetings David put as much time and as much spirit as ever. Just how he managed to do it is a mystery.

He found his father's business in a terrible tangle, and it took no small amount of skill and hard work to unravel them. On the old man's gratitude we will not speak. As he sees his son sacrifice every instant of leisure to bring together the hopes of his lifetime, he has not a hundred times regretted his bitterness of years ago and learned to respect the religion which stood the test then and now.

This is a real life-story, and as David is living still, an unfinished one. If results we cannot yet tell, but much more has already dawned. David is still going on, spending himself in the corps and the machine's shop, putting his whole soul and strength in to the

APPOINTMENTS OF THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby Friday, November 4th.
Buffalo, N.Y. Sunday and Monday, November 20th and 21st.
Halifax, N.S. Tuesday, November 29th.
Truro, N.S. Thursday, December 1st.
Montreal Sunday, December 4th.

For Particulars see Announcements in Local Papers.

three hundred miles away. The letter asked for no return, yet David's brow wrinkled with perplexity as he handled the sheet to his wife, for his own conscience had already suggested one. David's wife was as brave as himself, and ready to carry out the convictions of his heart. It took them a few hours only to count the cost and resolve to pay it.

The breach from the band—which can describe it. The stalwart twenty-eight cried like children. Down the faces of those over whose blunders and backslidings he had so often wept and tolled the tears coursed like rain.

On the surface the old looked so mysterious. He was having such a sphere of usefulness and promise, such a centre of influence.

They marched him home after the farewell meeting, some of his boys carrying him shoulder high. The streets were blocked, nine hundred mingled in the march, and people who had never estimated the worth of that "little" band before now murmured:

"What an unnecessary sacrifice!"

His blood-cold make the wet-cold.

The old familiar words had often rang down the small town's principal street, but the Army corps which had stood if not particularly lively. But this time the old song seemed to go with such quickened vigor and abundant swing that people who had long since lost interest in the Salvationists, came to their doors to see what made the difference. The march certainly was larger, but only by two, and neither looking big or strong. The silver earnest of the one and the sweet voice of the other, might however have somewhat accounted for the increased interest. But one fact was that they were only two where they stood

Helps for J. S. Workers.

THE FORERUNNER.

Luke xii. 1-8.

When some great king, governor, or like person makes a public entry into a city or town, usually one or more soldiers ride in front, heralding the procession. These are called HERALDS or FORERUNNERS. Oftentimes they blow instruments, so that the people may know that the king or queen is coming. Now, for years after His boyhood days Jesus lived in practical obscurity. Doubtless He assisted His father at the carpenter's bench. Then He must have been a great and practical help to His mother. Much of His time was spent in blessing the souls of His friends and neighbors. Christ is now 33 years old, and about this time John, the son of Zacharias, was in the wilderness. God spoke to this great and good man.

Verso 3.—It was a strange doctrine that this man was preaching. Crowds of people gathered from the cities, towns and villages to hear him. His clothes were composed of merely sheep skins. Years before this Jesus, one of the great Prophets, had declared that such men would come to the world in the way of the Lord. This great Prophet had foretold that every valley should be filled, every mountain and hill be brought low, the crooked should be made straight, and rough ways be made smooth. John was, therefore, the herald of Jesus the Saviour.

Verso 8.—John had appeared on the scene to preach the solemn and straight Gospel. For a long time the people of that day had trusted in their forms, their ceremonies and their works, but the great preacher was denouncing such actions. The day was soon to break when all men were to be redeemed and saved. It was no excuse for them that they had Abraham as their father. There must be a change of heart, life and actions. "Every tree, therefore, which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire." NOTE.—The Salvation Army believes in preaching the plain Gospel truth. All men can be saved, all can be made holy, all God's people must work for the souls of others. This is the reason of the Army's success throughout the world. Juniors must remember this. Our uniforms, our marches, our hymns—meetings, all means of service, are but the way of the Lord.

Verso 10.—The great preacher had gone to the very root of the matter. He had shown up the meanness of the people, and it was their turn to be judged. "What shall we do?" The preacher's advice was to practice self-denial (see verso 11). Then he told the publicans to be careful of their dealings with men, and not to oppress the poor nor take what was not their own. Even the military soldiers sought advice from John. He told them to be content with their wages, and not to demand more, neither accuse any falsely, and be content with your wages. (see verso 10). All this seemed strange to the people. It was an entirely new doctrine.

Verso 15.—John understood the thoughts, and declared to them that he was heralding a much mightier man than himself. He had seen the Holy Ghost, and He saw that Jesus was to come, and that He was to baptize with the Holy Ghost and with fire.

NOTE.—In all ages those men and women who have been most successful as soul-savers have had the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Education or learning does not give this. The knowledge of the Bible cannot give it. Only a holy life and faith in God can acquire it. Some of the most unlearned have been deeply spiritual and successful workers. Salvationists are almost useless in God's work without it.

Then John plainly shows in Verso 17 that He gave the message that the man who is punished, but the good (the wheat) will be gathered into the heavenly garner. While Jesus was to be a merciful, kind and loving Saviour, He would also demand justice from all His people.

Verso 18.—Not only do those who are

gaily preach the truth of the Gospel, but, as John, they do many other things. They live God's life, they carry out their religion at the altar, on the street, wherever they may be. They are able to counsel and advise, to cheer and help and love and save. They will also bring joy all round them. This is the salvation that John said would be given to the whole world by Jesus.

MEMORY TEXT.

"And all flesh shall see the salvation of God."

Love will behave as well in a poor man's cottage as in a rich man's mansion.

Over a Cup of Tea.

The Field Commissioner Meets the Social and League of Mercy Staff.

Notwithstanding the many demands upon the time and attention of our Leader, the Field Commissioner very kindly arranged to take time to meet the Rescue Staff and League of Mercy at the Rescue Home last Thursday evening.

If the weather clerk had tried his best, he could hardly have given us a more unpleasant night, but in the cold winds and driving rain a goodly number of Rescue Officers and League of Mercy members met in the pleasant reception room at the appointed time.

Tea was laid in the sixtieth "Home" Room. That room is dear to the girls who have found indeed a home in this place of refuge, and who, now that they are living lives of respectability and usefulness, can carry this bright room to spend their "evenings off," and get help, counsel, and encouragement from those who have given their lives to this work.

After tea had been partaken of, and Major Stewart had led us up to the Theatre in a few minutes of praise and thanksgiving to God for His goodness, the tables were cleared and removed, and the members settled down for a real time of blessing.

"We'll be heroes," was the song chosen to commence with, for the Commissioner thought that though we were only women, we could still be heroes. After prayer and a verse of another song, Mrs. Read related a touching League of Mercy story, and then called upon Mrs. Lovell, who is an enthusiastic member of the League, and who visits the Mercer Reformatory each week, to have a few words. Adjt. Jordan, Adjt. Ward and Major Stewart followed, each having some encouraging incident of their own particular work to tell.

The Commissioner was welcomed with a warmth of greeting which testified to the affection with which these warrior women regard her, as well as their gladness in having her with them, and the inspiration of her encouraging words.

Real inspiration was the informal address which she gave. She prefaced it by the remark that although some might think that she knew nothing of the actual efforts of the League of Mercy work, and consequently could not thoroughly enter into either its difficulties or its joys, she was in reality well qualified to appreciate both. Had she not when a Field Captain been her own League of Mercy—serving by many a hospital, kneeling in many a prison cell, tending sickness and sorrow amid the dirt and gloom of many a city slum, and in short, fulfilling all the Heaven-crowned missions which actuate the League of Mercy members' labor of love. From out of the experience of such experience, the Commissioner urged upon each the responsibility of keeping a soul ever fresh in its communion with heaven, for, as her own glorified mother once said, "You cannot get anything out of anybody that is not in." And if the members of the League of Mercy failed to carry with them to their task the assurance of a living salvation, then the suffering, the convalescent, the sorrowful, and the sick would be disappointed, no matter how otherwise successful their ministrations might be.

The closing prayer of consecration linked together each and each, and all to the Cross. There will be too rich an aftermath of blessing that night for the Field Commissioner's visit soon to be forgotten.

vice for God and the old Flang as soldiers. Mrs. Southall contributed to the enjoyment of the meeting with her singing.

Windsor.—We wheeled back to Essex Centre next morning, and after refreshing ourselves at the neat dining table at Capt. Coe's quarters, we finished our trip by rail.

Open-air in Windsor are always interesting—usually good crowds and interested listeners, and fairly good givers. The Sergt.-Major and Mrs. Southall contributed in no small measure to the success by their singing and guitar accompaniment.

Sunday's meetings were A. 1. each increasing in interest and effect, until the night meeting when the power of God was especially manifest in convicting many of eternal realities. The soldiers were blessed and inspired, and prospects are good for an immediate advance of our blood-and-fire warriors here. Hallelujah! Go on, comrades.

Wallaceburg.—The P. O. visited here and Dresden alone. He was delighted with the neat and clean quarters at each place.

Lieut. Fielder's description of the hearty spirit of the soldiers is worthy of mention, and the P. O. would just it on as an example that might be copied by some of our male soldiers at different corps, especially where female officers are stationed. The Lieutenant stated

sign Wakefield deserves commendation for the improvements made in our property here. Some time ago the old iron fence was taken away and the front added, the old steps taken down and replaced by new ones, as well as having a nice street lamp put opposite the barracks door, and now the latest improvement as stated above. Well done, Ensign!

The spirit of enterprise is growing. May the infection continue to spread.

Later.—Woodstock had a break last Sunday night—SIX SOULS. There must have been a big time among the angels last Sunday night.

Well done, Capt. Huntington. \$5 collected since H. F. at Strathroy is no bad. This means devil knock-out into a cocked hat. (Don't illustrate, Mr. Editor.)

Beautiful Gail! Five captives and Salvation tornadoes prevalent around W. O. P. quarters.

League of Mercy Quilt.—This is to purchase War Cry for hospital, jail, etc. Names of all Salvation "big bugs," and all other kinds throughout the Dominion. Wouldst your work be worked in silk. My! Only ten cts. Come now, send your donation to Mrs. Major Southall, Salvation Citadel, London.



OUR PASSWORD (COURAGE) ILLUSTRATED.

"Lord, help me to wear that helmet; I have had it now for six months in my drawer and have never had courage to wear it, but by Thy help I will wear it after this, and will give the three dollars, which I was going to spend on a new hat, for the Self-Denial Fund."

that the young men soldiers looked after the lamps, swept the barracks, and looked after things generally.

And the more we hear the interest of which was much enhanced by the energetic little D. O. and her Lieut. nant, who drove her, bringing a number of Dresden soldiers with her.

Dresden.—The week-end here was indeed a surprise. I had been led to expect a rather tough time. Had spiced meetings all through. Interest was marked, also the attention. The night meeting was indeed an old-timer. Great victory had to be preceded by a battle in one night was not so bad. War Cry readers will have read an account of this telegram. I am already ready said. One after another came, best of all, each seemed to deliberate on the step they were taking, until the midnight hour was close upon us when we rejoined over the tenth prisoner. The fervour and enthusiasm of the soldiers was splendid as we sang—converts included—"It is true, Lord, to Thee." was a well-thought battle. Soldiers did gallantly.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Phillips put in a week-end at Woodstock, re-opening new week-night hall, which the Staff-Capt. reports a creditable affair. En-

Three cheers for Capt. Holdstock! It is a good move getting stone foundation under barracks at Blenheim at so small a cost. Your example will be followed. Example always does—old a tow-tow-1. Congratulations!

All right, Lieut. Bonny. The crew has got out about barracks and quarters repairs at Bothwell. Good again. We hope a few others will take the tip. A few quarters we know of could stand a little masculine energy expended upon them, and would our good dividend.

Five stroke that. Ensign Coffey. Forty-five dollars raised in Sunday night's meeting. Five ministers, and Staff-Capt. Phillips' combined effort brought forth this achievement at Brantford. Hurrah!

Another achievement—don't blame me, Mr. Editor, inspiration causes my fingers to dance over the paper—yes, sir, it is no less than Watford brought small home, attaching same to barracks and fixing up for quarters. Well done!

Seaforth is "a-hummin'" along. Ensign Hale is responsible for disturbing the devil's squawking in the town. Finances, crowds, and everything full steam ahead.

There are others—but well, next time must do.

BRIGADIER HOWELL.

A TALK WITH THE MAN FROM THE WEST.

The shades of night had hardly fallen before the glorious risings of the fiery orb, and stars still hung heavily upon the eyelids of the few individuals who were early at work in the Temple, when the door of the Editorial Sanctum opened; back in its hinges, in fact it could not have swung back in anything else except space.

A portly figure, not red—Brigadier Howell, from the far Pacific Province, wearing a smile and basking with him something of the stimulating fragrance that clings in some undefinable way to all things that come from the West.

"Our Officers' Council? Well, I must say they were the best—well, I had not say much about myself, but they did enjoy them immensely, and am of the opinion, that they have been practical. I am now, as you can see, in an increased activity all through the Province, and the Self-Denial targets for the Districts and corps, and have no doubt that they should get them."

"How about your Harvest Festival target?"

"We did better than any other. Twelve, only, not less than \$25 over our target. What do you think of that?"

"Out of sight, Brigadier Howell, excellent! Tell me, what public meetings did you have in connection with your officers' councils?"

"We had public meetings every night for six days, commencing with a reception meeting on Saturday night, and continuing with a battle for souls all day Sunday and the following two evenings. The crowds were very nice, and quite a number of conversions, were the results."

"Have you had many new openings recently?"

"Since coming to the Province I have opened Sheridan, Billings, Kaslo and Revelstoke, and I am just opening T. A. and Kamloops. In the K. J. Home City was also opened by me, but it was thought advisable that the Northern Pacific Division should take it over. We have lived in exchange with Whistler and Vernon. By this arrangement both divisions were benefited."

"The Junior Work, Brigadier?"

"Well, I have been busy trying the needs and plans to meet them before the District Officers in the council's just concluded, and a desperate effort will be made to put in a good job all through the West. Our women and children are not near as plentiful as our boys, hence the opportunity as well as the need is not the same as in the East. We have, however, separate Junior barracks in Vancouver and Vancouver for boys, not necessitating for one at Spokane."

"What about the Social Work in your domain?"

"Social work, sir? Booming! The Spokane Shelter is a big success, crowded nightly. Why, only a few nights before I came away, they turned away fifty applicants for lodging. We shall run a wood-yard again in connection with it during the coming winter, as we did last winter. Adjt. Bedeem has just returned for lodging. We shall run an excellent institution, and doing the under Adjt. and Mrs. Patterson. But it is our most exciting. We are not ready for it yet, but we are on the look-out for an opportunity there to start; of course, there is the need. The Rescue Homes are also in splendid condition. Mrs. Langtry at Spokane has her children all the time, and had to put in her beds and Adjt. Walton, who has just taken hold of Helena. Helena is doing well there. Oh, yes, we are getting on very satisfactorily indeed. I am in face with the West, with the people, and when we get a meeting, the collection is very unbecomingly small."

The artist at this stage of proceedings appeared on the scene with a sketch, and interrupted an interview that had been going on to tell of a formal bed material to wind up gracefully.

A Salvationist Sewing Machine Ensign, at Brantford, sold it to a lady to be paid for by the metalment plan. The husband returns and is covered at the idea of buying from a Salvationist, and when he got a metalment plan, the collection is very unbecomingly small."

"Very well, sir, I will take it away. I don't want any hard feelings."

The machine is sold for \$20.95 away. "Mr. S—, huh! Mr. S—, who! I have been thinking of buying a machine."

"I have time to sell."

The machine is talked over. The machine is sold for cash—F. McK.

SNAP-SHOTS OF WEST ONTARIO WARFARE.

The P. O's have visited the Windsor Barracks, doing a little of the trip on a wheel. They were delighted with the appearance of things in each case, and the work is going ahead nicely in every respect.

Essex Centre, under the leadership of Capt. Coe, is doing splendidly, an evidence of which was given in the fact of doubling the H. P. target.

Leamington Fair was in progress, which explained the cause of the stir noticeable on the streets as the early quietude—the P. O's Capt. Coe and was somewhat noisy, and it was so that the devil had got in some of his fine work in the mind of the writer, etc. The inside meeting was A. 1. A full house of appreciative and interested listeners gave us a warm welcome, as was the case when it was pleasant to meet ex-officers McElliott and Rutledge, and Mrs. Rutledge, and to note they were doing good ser-

GAZETTE.

6th Anniversary Celebrations.

Promotions:—

Lieutenant Brander, of Grafton, to be Captain at Grand Forks.

Lieutenant Herringshaw, of Oakes, to be Captain at Emerson.

Lieutenant Smith to be Captain at Moosomin.

Lieutenant Vene Woods to be Captain.

Cadet-Captain Brown, New Wheaton, to be Captain at Mt. Vernon.

Lieutenant Meredith, Revelstoke, B. C., to be Captain at Vancouver.

Lieutenant Krell, Lewiston, to be Captain at Nelson.

Lieutenant Meyers, of Rossland, to be Captain at Bozeman.

Lieutenant Noble, of Kaslo, to be Captain.

Cadet-Lieutenant Ziebarth, Anacostia, to be Lieutenant at Spokane.

Cadet-Lieutenant Jones, to be Captain at Vancouver Shelter.

Cadet-Lieutenant Warrent, of Billings, to be Lieutenant at Livingston.

Cadet Kreiger, of Hat Portage Garrison, to be Lieutenant at Portage la Prairie.

Cadet Adams, of Hat Portage Garrison, to be Lieutenant at Haines.

Cadet Hamner, of Winnipeg, to be Lieutenant at Moosomin.

Appointments:—

Kensin Fitzpatrick to be Captain at Kamloops.

Kensin Stokers to be G. H. M. Agent, British Province.

Kensin Stanbury, from furlough, to be Agent at Anacostia.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.

The Field Commissioner.

Unexpected, like the proverbial thunderclap out of a blue smiling sky, came the breakdown of our beloved leader, Commissioner Eva Booth. She was full of pleasant hope with regards to the October gatherings, and with fond ambition looked forward to the public meetings and talking to her officers in council, and so make these meetings the occasion of more deep-seated determination and greater devotion to the cause ever present in her thoughts and ever dear to her heart. She was in the midst of her preparations, having toiled almost day and night at full speed when on the very eve of the gatherings she broke down and had to be taken home in a cab. The doctor, who was hastily summoned, pronounced that Miss Booth must have been ill for some time back, but that her tremendous force of will made her put forth such effort as carried her seemingly well until all physical strength was spent, therefore, the collapse was all the more serious. For days our suffering Commissioner was unable to take food or drink. It is the doctor's opinion that the brain had used up the blood and the juices of the body. Water was denied her, except a spoonful, and always hot. "I can understand now, what Jesus must have suffered when He cried, 'I thirst,'" she said. "His body, bruised and broken, every moisture of the flesh dried up by the hot, throbbing brain, burning with the agony of Gethsemane, every atom of His muscles parched, crying out, 'I thirst!'"

The greatest trial to the Field Commissioner was the mortification to picture the disappointment of the public on account of having to cancel the Pavilion meetings. Yet when we consider the great pressure under which she has been working, and the number of public appointments crowded into all her spare

THE PRELIMINARY MEETINGS.

Day of Salvation at the Temple Officers' Reception.



GLOOM was cast over the meetings on Sunday, the 23rd Oct., when the Field Commissioner was to have led a little for souls at the splendid Pavilion, Toronto. Many people had been unable to learn of the change on account of the Commissioner's illness, but those who came to the Temple instead, felt in some measure repaid.

Colonel Jacobs, Lieut. Colonel Mackin, Brigadiers Gaskin, Puzmire, and Friedrich, Majors Horn, Smeeton and others were present, as well as a few of the District Officers who had come a long way to attend the council.

The holiness meeting was conducted in the Jubilee Hall, which was well filled. God unmistakably came near our hearts and spoke to the parched and luke-warm ones. Four sought the blessing of a clean heart and testified to having obtained it. The Colonel spoke on Abraham and Isaac.

A rousing open-air was held after dinner on the corner of York and King Streets, a fine lot of soldiers and officers had turned out. A splendid march back to the Temple, and we were soon full speed in the regular free-and-easy style of a Sunday afternoon's moving. Testimonies were given by both soldiers and officers.

Major McMillan read a few verses from some earnest words of warning to the sinner, followed by Brigadier Puzmire and the Colonel.

The usual opening preceded the evening meeting. A fine crowd at the Temple awaited the arrival of the march.

"Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord!" was started, and the old, familiar words awoke doubtless blessed memories in many a heart, as well as alighting consciences.

The Colonel, in a masterly way, spoke of the many privileges that Toronto people had as the children of the Kingdom, and yet how many of them would be lost, while others from the East and West, and the North and the South, who are now despised like the Chinese and Indians, would pass to the right of the great Judge and enter heaven. The power of conviction was most emphatically seen, and a profound attention was given to all the Colonel said.

There was a stiff fight during the prayer meeting, but at last one volunteered, then another came, and so on at intervals until six knelt there and found the Saviour's pardon.

Some of the Indian soldiers from the Manitoulin Island, were present with us and sung their own language at right, testimony and singing was most touching in their simplicity.

MONDAY.

Reception to the Officers.

From early morning officers from all parts of Ontario, as well as some soldiers, arrived, and thronged the Provincial office to secure their billets. Shortly after the arrival of the officers, the Council of Adelaide and Youngs Streets commenced, conducted by Brigadier Puzmire, with his well-known vim and vigor.

The meeting was called at eight, when the hall meeting commenced. The Chief Secretary's appearance was a signal to an outburst of enthusiasm manifested in ringing voices and vigorous clapping of hands, tooting of horns and beating of drums.

time, it is surprising that with her delicate health, she has been able to meet most of her public engagements. If it was generally known under what conditions Miss Booth has at times forced herself to conduct meetings according to announcements, even the most chronic grumblers would feel rather humble, and charity would gain new converts.

Colonel Jacobs.

Our worthy Chief Secretary, Colonel Jacobs, richly nobly stepped in the bridge

"God is keeping His soldiers fighting, Evermore we shall conquer be."

was the appropriate opening song, led off to the accompaniment of the scarlet-tufted Staff Band.

"No, we never, never, never will give in, no we won't."

the chorus rose from hundreds of glad throats, and from as many determined hearts to push on the battle.

Many a veteran of the light involuntarily let his mind travel swiftly back along the road of the past years of fighting. There has been many a hard struggle, and many a hand to hand fight with the devil, many a stormy day and many a dark night passed through, but thank God for them all, and for the precious lesson they have taught. Thank God for not giving in—and again they sang it—

"No, we never, never, never will give in."

After prayer, Brigadier Howell was called upon for a solo, and he quickly responded with the song to the tune of "The Star-spangled banner," unfortunately the air was not sufficiently known to make a success of the song. The Chief Secretary, however, made up for it by heartily singing "We're marching on, we're marching on," to the tune of "The Maple Leaf forever."

Brigadier Jacobs then welcomed the visiting officers in a most hearty manner, that found a warm response in every heart. He expressed the firm hope that every council that had come up to these councils would be blessed and freshly enthused with the Holy Spirit to fight sin and uphold our old-fashioned doctrine of holiness of heart and life. We belong to no denomination, we go into a town or city to get sinners saved, whether they make a profession of not, and to turn them into arguing believers, but into practical Christians and soldiers of our God.

Brigadier Gaskin then welcomed the officers on behalf of the Central Ontario Province. He believed that he had about as nice a lot of officers as any P. O., and that they were also golly and hard-working, realising the importance of the case of an old man, who was met by a couple of lasses on the road, while they were going into the country to buy for the Harvest Festival. He was spoken to about his soul, and having objections to praying on the street, was taken into an old disused building near the Harvest Festival. He was spoken to about his soul, and having objections to praying on the street, was taken into an old disused building near the Harvest Festival. He was spoken to about his soul, and having objections to praying on the street, was taken into an old disused building near the Harvest Festival.

The portly figure of Major McMillan, from Winnipeg, followed the Chief Secretary. He was pleased to be there and to be able to report first above all that his soul was saved. The North-West Province is all right, and his officers are on fire. In his recent council, at Fargo, the 20 officers present promised to raise their S.D. target. He has been twenty years in the service of God, and his determination to go to the end was firmer than ever.

We will have now a duet from Brigadier Commander and Adj. Manton," the Chief Secretary announced.

The tall folks just named—none is tall perpendicularly, the other is tall and thin. The Chief Secretary and Adj. Manton, the Chief Secretary announced.

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with only nine corps and seventeen officers, and had to-day 27 corps with 71 officers, and two more openings to take place this very week.

Who is that well-developed man with black whiskers and princely mien? Why, that is Brigadier Bennett, of the East Ontario and Quebec Province. He appreciated the visit to Toronto with unusual relish, it appeared by his speech, he recognized us all as true ladies and gentlemen. Some one had said to him some time ago, "This is free country." He had replied, "That depends upon the part you live in." Down in Montreal they could not stand still to have an open-air in the city, the police kept them moving in a dog-trot all the time while they were speaking. However the East Ontario Province is not behind the rest. Soldiers and officers are alive and hard after the devil.

The collection was asked for by the able bazaar, Major Harrgrave (no offence). The Staff Band played while the collectors were at work and a good round applause rewarded them for their fine playing. At this stage the Colonel inquired of the officers, "How do you like to be honored and placed on such a high pinnacle in the War Cry? Major Southall rose to the dignity of the occasion and spoke to the officers, and gave a piece of rhetoric. He regretted that the benign smile which the War Cry artist had put on his face was not purchasable, else he would desire to risk a dollar.

He reported victory in his Province. A most remarkable revival had broken out in one of the hardest corps, resulting in the conversion of many sinners, and a glorious wind-up at twelve o'clock.

Our Indian brothers of yesterday were again asked to sing. The Chief sang a few words of testimony. He felt rather nervous, he said, and "was shaking under his feet." He was glad he was saved. He told God he was a sinner, and he was also the officers, in fact, he said in a harmless way, pointing to one of the ladies, who had been stationed on the island, that he "loved her with all his heart."

Brigadier Sharp, of Newfoundland, looked as hale and hearty as ever. He said that a very few people knew anything of Newfoundland. He was glad to be able to report a steady rise and increase of interest and soldiery. His officers are on fire, his soldiers are devoted and hard-working, and in every sense the work is prosperous. Thirteen day schools are now conducted by the Army, and more are being constantly opened. A Staff Officer is in training at the College for higher teaching. He said that a very few people knew anything of Newfoundland. He was glad to be able to report a steady rise and increase of interest and soldiery. His officers are on fire, his soldiers are devoted and hard-working, and in every sense the work is prosperous. Thirteen day schools are now conducted by the Army, and more are being constantly opened. A Staff Officer is in training at the College for higher teaching. He said that a very few people knew anything of Newfoundland. 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The Field Commissioner to Her Soldiers.

The Field Commissioner has consented for us to print the personal letter which was sent in connection with last year's Self-Denial effort, to the Soldiers of the Territory. We are giving this letter in full below, as an appropriate forerunner to the approaching Self-Denial week, Nov. 20th to 26th.

My dear Comrade,

How much I wish I could gather you all into one great crowd and speak to you out of the feelings of my heart, now that the swift flight of another twelve months brings us again onto the borders of our Self-Denial effort. However, this is out of the question, and so with all eagerness I take my pen and through it want to speak to you as directly and confidentially as though we talked together.

How quickly the year has gone— it now forms another link in the long chain which by and by will unite our past with our eternal future when we stand where the records are read before the gathered nations of the world, and where any and every sacrifice ever made will find abundant reward in His own crowning. Oh! that our love, devotion and individual denial in the cause of the Bleeding Lamb should stand the test of the balances.

I am confident that last year some of you put the whole question into as deep a place in your heart as it filled in my own, and that you toiled to reach the targets of your respective Corps to the utmost of your ability. The grand total reached, astounding the world, will have somewhat repaid you, but your true reward is in the fact that the financial outcome resulted in the Salvation of thousands of sinners, the making happy of hundreds of earth's most miserable homes, the sheltering of destitute and forsaken children, the deliverance of despairing and wretched drunkards, the bringing home of wandering backsliders, the reaching and saving of the heathen, and lifting to a far greater height of notice and triumph our Blood and Fire banner.

But what about the future? We want not only to maintain our position, but my heart

burns for further advance. We must make fresh inroads into the enemy's ground, and this calls for fresh sacrifice, fresh zeal, fresh practical and desperate effort—in the interests of

of unequalled sacrifice, love and sorrow, and from its foot we will, with new passion, plead its claims. We will deny ourselves for its sake. We will beg in its name. We will pray to its Christ, we will get all the blessing to our own souls He has to give us by virtue of Self-Denial, and pressing through difficulties and darkness we will share in its triumph.

As I said last year, do not get discouraged. Give gentle answers to all questions. The Lord will help you. Inform

in your town, just remind them of the fact that fifty weeks in the year you have all you can get for your own Corps, and explain that this is our great missionary effort. The enclosed card, which you should always have with you when collecting, gives all the latest figures respecting our work in every part of the world. You may often find it helpful to quote these figures and so direct attention to them.

Now my dear comrades, you must reckon upon my personal interest in you, my love, my sympathy, my prayers for you, and as well my confidence that you will leave no stone unturned to close this effort with a record breaking victory. Do your best—do! I am exceedingly anxious—don't fail me God will help you.

Yours with you in the battle,

Evangeline Boldt

Field Commissioner.

The Salvation Army FACTS AND FIGURES,

1898.

Total number of Officers.....	15,019
“ “ “ Corps	4,081
“ “ “ Outposts	2,150
“ “ “ Corps and Outposts.....	6,231
“ “ “ Local Officers and Bandsmen	48,162
“ “ “ Outdoor Meetings held.....	50,101
“ “ “ Indoor “ “	34,015
“ “ “ Newspapers and Magazines published in eighteen different languages	52
Total number of languages in which the Gospel is preached by the Salvation Army.....	27
During the year '97 alone the Salvation Army presses issued of Newspapers, Magazines, etc.	53,498,350
Total number of Women's Rescue Homes....	86
“ “ “ Women admitted in '97.....	4,769
“ “ “ Slum Posts.....	108
“ “ “ Prison Gate Homes.....	15
“ “ “ Land Colonies.....	15
“ “ “ Food Depots.....	28
“ “ “ Night Shelters.....	101
“ “ “ Giving accommodation for.....	11,309
“ “ “ Workshops.....	38
“ “ “ Children's Homes.....	24
“ “ “ Submerged daily cared for..	26,000

Distinctly Missionary Operations are carried on amongst the raw heathen in the Tamils, Gujaratis, Bengolis, Marathis, Sikhs, Bheels, Singhales, Niaks, Santhals, Zulus, Kafirs, Bechuannas, Mashonas, Maoris, natives of the Sandwich Islands, Java, and the Australian Aborigines.

this poor lost world, for which my Master died. I am looking to you for it! How can I do otherwise! In the past you have helped me bravely—I shall never be able to thank you sufficiently for your patient, loving, and generous co-operation in raising money for the suffering and for the Salvation of the lost. In this present effort you will do your best again to help me—no! not to help me, for in spirit linking my hand in yours we make our way nearer to Calvary and take our stand amidst its scene

those anxious to know what is done with the money that a full account is given on the Balance Sheet published every year by the Army. Should anyone enquire, “Is not the work of the Army going down?” tell them statistics show that each branch of the organization has increased during the past twelve months. If asked do the converts stand, point to yourself and your tens of thousands of comrades round the world as a proof. If anyone complains because the money you are collecting is not spent

“The denying of ourselves, and the taking up our cross, in the full extent of the expression, is not a thing of small concern; it is not expedient only, it is some of the circumstances of religion, but it is absolutely, indispensably necessary, either to our becoming or continuing His disciples. It is absolutely necessary in the very nature of the thing, to our coming after Him and following Him; inasmuch that, as far as we do not practice it, we are not His disciples. If we do not continually deny ourselves, we do not learn of Him, but of other masters; if we do not take up our cross daily, we do not come after Him, but after the world, or the prince of the world, or our own fleshly mind; if we are not following Him, we are not treading in His steps, but going back from, or at least wide of Him.”

General Gordon wrote from Khartoum to the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, “Propose to your committee to give up wine for a month, not to give dinner parties for the same time, and to devote the proceeds to the mission. Ask them if they felt the slightest inconvenience in giving their five pounds then.”

Autobiography.

Autobiography of Madame Guyon.

CHAPTER VII.

FTER this, my husband enjoying some intermission of his ailments, had a mind all the while to go to Orleans and from thence to Touraine. In this journey my vanity made its last blaze. I received abundance of visits and applause. How clearly did I see the folly of men who were so taken with vain beauty! I disliked the passion, and that in myself which I needed thought I somewhat ardently desired to be delivered from. The continual combat of nature and grace cost me no small action.

What augmented the temptation was that they esteemed in me virtue, join'd with youth and beauty; not knowing that all the virtue was only in God, and His protection, and all the weakness in myself.

We met with accidents in this journey, sufficient to have terrified any one; yet my resignation to God was so strong, I was fearless, even where there was apparently no room for caution. At one time in a narrow pass we did not perceive, until too far advanced to draw back, the road was undermined by the river Loire, which ran beneath, and the banks had fallen in, so that in places the footmen were obliged to support one side of the carriage. All were terrified, yet God kept me tranquil; and I rejoiced at the prospect of losing my life by a singular stroke of His providence.

On my arrival home I found my husband taken with the small-pox; my little daughter ill, and like to die of small-pox; my eldest son, too, took it, and of so malignant a type, it rendered him to disfigure as before he was beautiful. I had no doubt but I should take the small-pox. Mrs. Granger advised me to leave. My father offered to take me home with my second son, whom I tenderly loved, but my mother-in-law would not suffer it. She persuaded my husband it was useless, and sent for a physician, who attended her in it, saying, "I should as readily take it at a distance as here. She proved a Jephthah, and sacrificed as both, though innocently. Had she known what followed, she would have acted otherwise. All the town was stirred. Everyone begged her to send away, and cried out it was cruel to expose me. They set upon me, too, imagining I was unwilling to go; for I had not told that she was so averse to the idea. I had no other disposition but to sacrifice myself to Divine Providence; and though I might have removed, notwithstanding my mother-in-law's resistance, yet I would not without her consent.

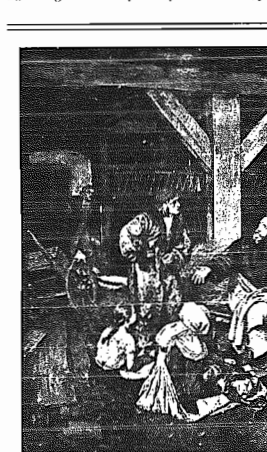
I continued in this spirit to sacrifice to God, waiting in entire resignation, for whatever He should be pleased to order. I cannot express what nature suffered; I was like one who sees both certain death and an easy remedy, without being able to avoid the former or try the latter. I had no less apprehension for my youngest son than for myself. My mother-in-law so excessively doted on her youngest, she would be pleased to expose her. Yet if she had known that the younger would have died of the small-pox, she would not have acted as she did. GOD MAKES USE OF CREATURES AND THEIR NATURAL INCLINATIONS TO ACCOMPLISH HIS DESIGNS. When I was in the most painful condition, uncomprehensible, musing, I almost lighter, and look upon me as instruments both of the mercy and justice of God; for His justice is full of mercy.

When I told my husband I was sick, and taking the small-pox, he said it was useless to be so, and that I should be seized with a great shivering and pain. They would not yet believe I was sick; but in a few hours they thought my life was in danger, and were taken with information on my lungs. So little attendance was paid me. I was on the point of death. My husband, not being able to see his dear wife taken with his mother. She would not allow any physician but her own to prescribe for me, yet did not send for him, though he was with a day's journey. I opened my mouth to request any succor. The peace I enjoyed with in, on account of that perfect resignation, in which God had blessed my inner, was so great it made me forget myself. In the midst of such suffering.

But the Lord's protection was indeed wonderful. It pleased Him so to order

it, that a skillful surgeon, who had attended me before, passing by our house, inquired after me. They told him I was extremely ill. He alighted immediately, and came in to see me. Never was a man more surprised, when he saw the frightful condition I was in. The small-pox, which could not come out, had fallen on my nose with such force that it was quite black. He thought there had been a gangrene in it, and that it was going to fall off. My eyes were like two coals; but I was not alarmed; for at that time I could have made a sacrifice of all things, and was pleased that God would avenger Himself on that face, which had betrayed me into so many iniquities.

The malady fell into my eyes, and inflamed them with such severe pain, that I thought I should lose them. I had those violent pains for three weeks, during which I got little sleep. I could not shut my eyes, they were so full of the small-pox, nor open them by reason of the pain I endured. There was the greatest probability that I should lose my sight, but I was wholly reconciled. My throat, palate, and gums were likewise filled with the pock, that I could not take any nourishment, without suffering extremely. My whole body



JESUS AND THE RICH YOUNG RULER.

A modernized rendering that preaches its own sermon.

looked like that of a leper. All that saw me said, this thy sickness was a shocking spectacle. But my soul was kept in a contentment not to be expressed. I would not have changed my condition for that of the most happy prince in the world.

Everyone thought that I would be inconsolable; and several expressed their sympathy in my affliction, which I lay still, in the great fruition of a joy unspeakable, in this total deprivation of what had been a source to my pride, and to my passions of honor. I was in profound silence. NONE EVER HEARD ANY COMPLAINT FROM MRS. GUYON OF PAIN OR THE LOSS OF MY BEAUTY.

My youngest boy took the disease the same day with myself, and died for want of care. This blow indeed struck into the heart, yet I was not distressed. I possessed me so strongly, that, though I loved this child tenderly, I never shed a tear at hearing of his death. The day he was buried the doctor said my little girl would not survive him two days. My eldest son was not yet out of danger, so I saw myself stripped of all my children at once, my husband indisposed, and myself extremely ill. My little girl lived some years.

After my eldest son was better, he came into my chamber. I was surprised at the extraordinary change I saw in him. His face, lately so fair and beautiful, was like a corpse spot of earth, full of furrows. That gave me the curiosity

to view myself in the glass. I felt shocked; God had ordered the sacrifice in all its reality.

They sent me pomatums to recover my complexion, and fill up the hollows of the small-pox. I had seen wonderful effects on others, and had a mind to try them. But love, jealous of His work, would not suffer. A voice in my heart said, "If I would have had thee fair, I would have left thee as thou wert." I was obliged to lay aside every remedy, and to go into the air, which made the pitting worse; and to expose myself in the street to the eyes of everyone, when the redness of the small-pox was at the worst, in order to make my humiliation triumph, where I had exalted my pride.

My husband kept his bed almost all the time. As he just that which before gave him as much pleasure in viewing me, he grew more susceptible of impressions against me. The persons who spoke to him to his disadvantage, feeling themselves better humiliated, spoke more boldly and frequently. THERE WAS ONLY THOU, O MY GOD, WHO CHANGEST NOT PLACE. Thou didst multiply my inward graces, in proportion as Thou didst increase my outward crosses.

My swelling mind became every day more haughty. Seeing her solitudes did not now torment me, she thought, if she could hinder me from going to the country, she would give me the greatest vexations. She was not mistaken, O Divine One, since the only satisfaction of my life was to rest and to be alone. When she discovered me going thither, she ran to tell my mother-in-law and husband. They incessantly watched me. They child me all the day long, continually repeating and harping over the same things, even before the servants. How could I have had my peace on earth, which were interpreted as the most criminal in the world? If I rectified anything I heard, they would

to view myself in the glass. I felt shocked; God had ordered the sacrifice in all its reality.

whom they inspired with a great contempt for me. When I was in my chamber with some of my friends, they sent him to sleep, and as he was, and as he saw this pleased them, he invented a hundred things to tell them. What gave me the severest pang was the loss of my child. If I caught him in a lie, he would upbraid me, saying, "My grandmother says you have been a greater liar than I." I answered him, "Therefore I know that I lie." He was not so hard on a thing it is to get the better of it; and for this reason, son, I would not have you suffer anything, he said, he was very offensive, and because he was the awe I stood in of his grandmother and father, if in their absence I found fault with him, he would be angry. He incessantly upbraid me, and said, "I wanted to set up for his mistress, because thy were not there. All this they approved of. One day he tried to move my father, and rashly began talking against me to him, as he was used to his grandmother. But it did not meet with the same recommendation. He thought I was leaving. He came to our house to desire he might be corrected for it. They promised it should be done, yet never did it. I was grieved at the consequences of so bad an education.

Soldier's Testimony.

CANDIDATE CHARLES WILLIS, OF REVELSTOCK.

Praise God, I am free, no more to be a slave to the devil or his hellish ways. Jesus has saved me through His precious blood and by His wonderful love. It often comes to my mind, how God did spare me to enjoy the wonderful peace, how He allowed me to live on in this world a rebel to Him, cursing His name and the way of the righteous.

At the early age of thirteen I learned to chew tobacco. As I grew in age, so I grew in sin, but all against the will and knowledge of my parents, who did their utmost to bring me into manhood as a true Christian.

In the early spring of '94, at the age of 16 years, I left home to work on the railroad. There soon it was initiated into all the evil devices my wages would allow. I became a cigarette fiend, often laying awake the greater part of the night to indulge in a novel and cigarette, but owing to depression it brought upon me, I had to resign this habit, only to start up bad, if not worse, a sin. I wandered alone, working here and there, squandering my wages, till last spring, when the dear old Army open'd fire at Revelstock, finding me a gambler, tobacco fiend and drunkard, I was taken home, to where I work, drunk, and I have laid in the street, where I had fallen, unable to carry myself along. But, praise God, for the Army. They pointed me to Jesus, to His wonderful love and His saving power.

In the month of April I made my way out from old companions to the betterment and found Jesus, while the soldiers sang, "Oh, yes, will you take up your cross?" "Thank God I have taken up my cross; it is light. Jesus has washed me clean. No more desire to sin. Hal-lu-lu! Now my life is for Jesus, evermore to tell what Jesus has done for me, and to help others to the Cross."

[FOR OFFICERS ONLY.]

The Yellow Light.

At one of the numerous country fairs a showman was exhibiting a little world with all its city life and the morning in front was a railroad depot with its yard, switches and signal lamps. A little newsboy stood on top of a box, looking through his telescope at the various wonders, while the showman explained the meaning of the signals.

"Red light means danger, and the green light means caution," said the Clever.

"And what does the yellow light mean?" asked the newsboy.

"The ain't a yellow light," answered the explainer.

"Yes there is, mister," persisted the boy. "After a dark night and a prompt contradiction, the showman looked into the glass himself, and seeing a yellow light, he said,

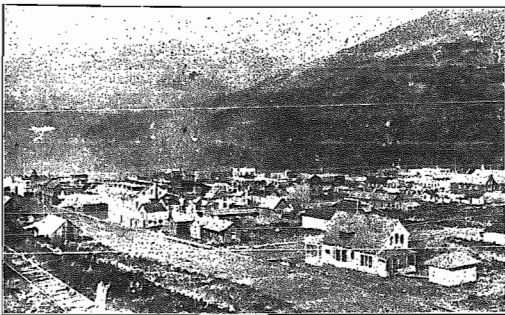
"The yellow light means that the whole blooming show is on fire and we will have to get out mighty quick!" and with this he took to his heels and his visitors after him.

Some soldiers and officers may feel quite safe in their corps and in their every day come-and-go way, but if you do not get out of the world the morning of the writer who stands at the magnifying glass and watches the preparations for S-D Week. Let me tell you a story that will make you shiver up, and if you stay too long in your seat of complacency you will be smok'd out and left belittled in the race.

The S. A. in the Rockies.

A Description of the Kootenay District, British Columbia.

Kootenay District comprises about 35,000 square miles of mountain, river and lake, which for grandeur can be so only be equalled anywhere. The mountain is literally abound with precious metals, the lakes with fish, and the beautifully located cities with a population of hardy prospectors and miners, who, for kindly sympathy and generous impulses, are seldom excelled.



NELSON, B.C.,

Capital of the Kootenay District.

The District Officer.

Adj. Milner, the officer in charge, is well known from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and has had a most successful career since leaving British, Nova Scotia, in 1881, to join the Training Home, corps, St. John, New Brunswick, as Cadet Captain, Newcastle, Ottawa, Lippincott, Yorkville, Legas, St. Owen Sound, Barrie, Winnipeg, Port Arthur, Vancouver, Spokane and Idaho District, and some of the corps of which she has since had charge. At Yorkville she suffered a serious breakdown in health, but was raised up in answer to prayer. At Winnipeg, where she remained twelve months, a wonderful revival swept over the corps, and there was a great loss of souls. She successfully opened Port Arthur, and established there a fine corps, the work then at proving itself to-day. The corps at Vancouver also felt the influence of her strength of mind and soul, prospering in a very special manner under her fostering care. In her present command at Spokane, she has equally blessed, keeping the district in a healthy, aggressive spirit and winning many from the ways of death.

The Country.

To attempt to give any more than a passing notice of the action of country, comprised in this District, is entirely beyond the purpose of this sketch, seeing that the District is so large and filled with too many of nature's wondrous monuments, to say nothing of the many friends who have rallied to the Army's side since the first drum top sounded in the Kootenay valleys, and who, by prayer and purse, have assisted our devoted comrades in gathering together around lakes of Grouse's grave, many wonderful trophies of Grouse's grave, many wonderful trophies of Grouse's grave, until today the dear old Army is loved and revered throughout the length and breadth of the District.

Much has been said regarding the Kootenay country, but it is difficult to give a sketch of the different corps without describing somewhat the conditions under which they labor. It would be difficult indeed to find a place where there is more to delight the eye and invigorate the body, to give an incentive for the expenditure of brain and muscle. Mountain and valley, snowy peak and verdant green, interspersed with beautiful streams and meadows, and beautiful and charming, as it were, by the lakes of wondrous beauty. What a charm there is about such places as the Kootenay mountains, mirrored in the transparent waters of Lake Kootenay, and peopled by generous, hardy sinners, who seek to win their way out of the surrounding solitude, the hidden, untold wealth of gold and silver.

The District contains four corps—Nelson, Kaslo, Revelstoke and Rossland—all mining centres. Much effort is being put forth in the endeavor to reach with the Gospel message those who, on account of the peculiar nature of their work, and because from social centre, drift help-

lessly along without pilot or anchor. In the Kootenay country there are a great many such men from all parts of the world, allured by the stories of fabulous wealth, and boys and women and girls, who have left home and friends, hidden themselves from the world, as it were, thinking that presently they will emerge from this obscurity, hidden with wealth. The ardently-longed-for time seldom comes. True it is that some find gold and silver, but thousands search out the ways of wickedness, become ruined in body and soul, homeless, hopeless in spirit, fit spall for the devil. Many there are in the District who rejoice that at such times the Army uniform have in sight. May be on a steamboat or train, or perhaps at the street meeting, but the story is always the same, a ray of hope penetrates a darkened soul and leads to peace.

portion of the mineral output of the Slocan Section of the Kootenay, and is the terminus of the Kaslo and Slocan R.R. It is situated on a headland overlooking the lake, and the residential town of the surrounding section of country, the climate being mild in winter, and sunny and pleasant in summer, a few hours at a time. The corps here is quite young, but already it has given evidence that it has the true Army spirit, and soul are being born into the Kingdom, to the joy of Capt. Quinn and Lieut. Noble, who are holding the fort.

Revelstoke.

Revelstoke, the next corps, is about 180 miles north of Nelson, and is reached either by railroad or steamboat, being situated on the main line of the C. P. R. But no matter which way you go when you reach Revelstoke you will find a Salvation Army corps, a real live one. Opened last March by Capt. Bailly and Lieut. Meredith, they have succeeded in surrounding themselves by a fine body of soldiers, from amongst whose ranks there is already one candidate for the work. The citizens highly appreciate the efforts of the officers, and generously give of their substance to push the Gospel chariot along. The city is a long struggling affair, really consisting of two towns, which makes it rather difficult to concentrate effort.

Returning down the Columbia River, we come to Brooklyn, 100 miles from Revelstoke, the home of Bro. Parker, one of the many faithful and strays who have wandered into the Nelson barracks this year and found peace and pardon.

Bro. Parker has followed prophesying amongst the Kootenay mountains for many years, until he became penniless and disheartened. In that condition he was led to the Cross of Calvary, and began the battle of life again under new conditions. Some time previous to this he had settled on a piece of government land on the banks of the Columbia, and shortly after his conversion, the contractors of the Robson and Panton R.R. desired the site as a base of supplies, and in a few weeks the town of Brooklyn took the place of the virgin forest, and Bro. Parker became proprietor of a rich town site.

Rossland.

Continuing down the Columbia 15 miles, Robson is reached, where the train is taken for Rossland, 20 miles distant, passing on the way the city of Trail, where most of the ore from this section is smelted. Rossland is a city of about 5,000 inhabitants, built high on the shoulders of the mountain and the centre of an exceedingly rich mineral section. The Le Roi Mine, one of the richest in the world, being close to the city limits.

The corps at Rossland, which is the oldest one in the District, is in charge of Capt. Burton and Lieut. Myers. It is an excellent conditioned and has been instrumental in leading many into liberty from lives of sin and shame during the past year. The people warmly sympathize with the work, and if a suitable building could be obtained, much larger audiences would attend and a consequent widening of Army influence result. Such a condition is now to be desired since there are so many hundreds of young men, many of them fresh from the pure atmosphere of godly homes, who are daily led to resort to saloons and other abiding places of the devil.

ZERO.

NELSON, B.C., BRASS BAND.



Bandsmen Menzies, Young, Hartwig, Fleetham, Brown, Frost, Capt. Gooding, Adj. Milner, Dixon.

Our Platform.

The Manliness of Weeping.

By BRIGADIER WILMER.

"Jesus wept."—John iii. 35.

How we have all degenerated! What false conceptions, what pigmy idea we have of men and things! Sin stains everything. Where on earth does the ascent of man come in if grace is left out.

Of course, pigmy ability is manly. The frothing floods develop manhood. The Boys' Brigade, with its quasi-military tactics, is for the promotion of a heathenly manhood. Balaam, the great hunter into a sidling; we have clutched the rails of sterling manhood—at its rate after the pattern of Jesus of Nazareth. He had the courage to weep. His foundations of manly sympathy burst at the sight of sorrow. It awoke the crowd, silenced the sceptic, and refreshed the mourner.

It was like the great shower which heralded the grand truth of the Resurrection. His tears not only implied sympathy, but majesty and divinity. Had he been merely human and only weeping the divine, He would never have wept. It might have evinced weakness and lessening of his grandeur of His reputation, but Jesus, bend, Jesus, wept.

And yet these tears also testified to His humanity, to the real, unadorned human sorrow. Sorrow may be the twilight of death, but it surely precedes the glad moment when His hand, His blessed, merciful hand, will wipe all tears away and remove all cause for them.

But the weeping of Jesus was no justification for a weak-kneed, snivelling Christianity. To weep like He who must possess a vigorous, healthy, manly, Salvationism, which, thank God, you can kneel and get teaching. An absolute giving up of all, a distinct receding of a baptism of the love of Calvary, and your tears and tenderness shall soften a purified, hard world.

Yes, He is mine! and nought of earthly things.

Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth, or power, The fame of heroes, or the pomp of kings.

Can tempt me to forego His love and grace. "Go!—this world!" I cry, "with all that it holds!" "Go!—my Saviour's arm, and He is mine."

Shelter in the Klondike.

T "Klondike Nugget," published in Dawson City, contains in its issue dated August 31st, the following:

A Salvation Army Shelter.

The Salvation Army is bent upon doing all in its power to relieve the distress which is inevitable the coming winter amongst the poor of our people; who are unprovided for, and who will not be able to get employment. The Salvation Army has about completed its barracks, and is now engaged on the plans of what is usually called a "Shelter." It will consist of a substantial log building, 20 x 40 feet, and will have accommodation for from 20 to 60 people. The Army has no great fund to draw upon, and therefore the institution will have to be made self-supporting in a large measure. One of the methods to be employed is to conduct a wood yard in connection with the purpose certain concessions have been secured from the Government. The object is not to give all-winter work to anyone, but to bridge over the shorter periods of distress which come to so many in a country like this. The cause is a most worthy one, and we hope the hands of sympathy will be extended in a helping way by our charitably inclined citizens. A bureau of employment will also be run in connection.

WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR CURRENT LITERATURE?

We are still in need of books, magazines, and good periodicals for the "Reading Room" of our various Rescue Homes. The Field Commissioner will be grateful if friends and sympathizers with the work will send any contributions of this character to the following addresses:

TORONTO.—Major Stewart, 916 Yonge St. (Ave. 1000) R. C. B.—Capt. Captain Connors, Interview St. JOHN, N. B.—Adj. J. J. 65 Elliot St. MONTREAL.—Adj. H. McNeil, 243 R. A. Avenue St. HALIFAX, N. S.—Adj. J. J. 65 Elliot St. OTTAWA.—Adj. J. J. 65 Elliot St. ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.—Ensign Twiss, 26 Cook St. HAMILTON.—Adj. J. J. 65 Elliot St. 120 Westworth St. SPOKANE, Wash. Adj. J. J. 65 Elliot St. 724 Fourth Ave. SLEWICK, N. S.—Adj. J. J. 65 Elliot St. WINNIPEG Man.—Mr. Major J. J. 65 Elliot St.

—OR TO—

MRS. BRIGADIER READ, ALBERT ST., TORONTO.



The General's recent meetings at Chesham and Cusick have been a blazing success; crowded houses, unequalled enthusiasm, and 178 souls at the penitential form are the grand results registered. A touching incident was the presentation of a chair to the General by past inmates of the Cardiff Rescue Home.

The General's Australasian tour will begin in January, and his return to London will be somewhere near the latter end of June.

Colonel Burgess is seriously ill with typhoid fever.

Colonel Musa Bhal, Territorial Officer of South India, is in England on furlough; he has only just recovered from a serious breakdown in health.

The General's Missionary Tea League appears to be thriving; twenty Salvationists are employed in the Missionary Tea Warehouse.

The wave of persecution of the S. A. recently started in England, is continuing. Eastbourne has come to the front again; our officer in charge has been sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment for street-singing, under an order. It is a clear case of prejudice of the magistrate against the Salvation Army, he giving the maximum fine permissible by the act.

Another case has just been heard of from Nottingham. The Ensign in charge has been summoned to appear for obstruction.

Major Spooner's mother has been called home. On the same day on which she died her Harvest Festival gift to the corps was laid on the altar.

The village vans in use now have proved so successful that their work will be continued, and three more have been ordered.



The Consul's Western Tour has commenced, and will include before it finishes the following places: Cleveland, Chicago, Minneapolis, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Fort Romie and Los Angeles. She will return to New York about Dec. 10th.

The Harvest Festival effort throughout the United States reached the grand total of \$50,000, Chicago 1, Leeds with \$121.

Brigadier and Mrs. Huplin have travelled from National Headquarters to take charge of the Midwestern Chief Division, with headquarters at Minneapolis.

One hundred cadets have received their Officers' Commission during the month of October.

The Commandant has dedicated a fine new property, costing \$7,000, as a Divisional Headquarters in Kansas City. The building will contain Divisional Headquarters, a large hall, seating 700 people, Mr. Mac's Store, and other rooms for dwelling purposes. The entire sum required for the purchase of the land and the erection of the building has been paid by the Armour Packing Co. We pay 6 1/2 percent on the whole amount.

Cornelius Vanderbilt has donated \$5 towards the Harvest Festival of the New York corps. "That gentleman," our informant adds, "was always an interested listener to Lieut. Denmore's open-air meeting." We hope that gentleman met blessed.



A great legal victory has been won by Commissioner McKie. For some time the disturbances of our meetings have in one or two places been able to go free from punishment on the ground that the Salvation Army was not a religious society. Recently a man who disturbed our meeting at Tipton was sentenced by the local authorities to 120 months imprisonment. He appealed to the Reichsgericht (Court of the Empire) on the ground that the S. A. was not a religious

society. The highest court, however, decided that "the Salvation Army is one of the religious societies existing in the State," which decision cannot be altered by any other court, and will greatly help us in preserving order in places where the unruly element has had much sway in the past.

Commissioner McKie has re-opened number two corps of Koenigsberg with great success, and a large number of seekers at the penitential form.



The Commissioner and the Chief Secretary were hard at it in the Transvaal for several days after their arrival from Bloemfontein. On Wednesday officers' meetings were held at Fordsburg, and on Thursday the C. S. lectured in the Y. M. C. A. Hall at Johannesburg on "The Salvation Army Round the World."

President Steyn, of the Orange Free State, laid the foundation stone of a new barracks to be built at Bloemfontein. Commissioner Ridsdal conducted some most successful meetings in connection with H. Three or four languages were used in the meetings by different soldiers.

Mrs. Commissioner Ridsdal is still busy with a tour of Rescue Demonstrations.



Commandant and Mrs. Booth have opened the new Preventive Home for Children, at Brunswick.

The dates of the Australasian Self-Dental Week were October 15 to 21.

Mrs. Booth has now fully recovered from her recent illness, and is arranging a tour in the interest of the Rescue Work; she will use the immediate very extensively in promoting that branch of our work.

The Commandant has acquired a valuable property for Social purposes at Adelaide.

The Corps Cadet Brigade has been launched in a very promising manner. The Commandant had 3 Corps Cadets

at Negrit. While journeying from Negrit to Delandone one of the front wheels of his buggy collapsed, which caused some delay, as the nearest wheels were at Cape St. Mary.

Ensign and Mrs. Simons have arrived from England as reinforcement for the West Indian War.

Several officers are down sick with the fever, which, as a rule finds out every stranger's weak point.

Certain harvesting. If you owe to the Spirit you shall reap life everlasting.

A certainty—"A man's place shall bring him low." Give no place then to the leveling sin.

"He (God) rem-mbereth that we are dust." Do you also remember it when your fellow-man stumbles?



The Territorial Secretary, Lieut.-Colonel Margetts

Will visit the following places in the

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE:

FORT ARTHUR, Thursday, Nov. 3.
RAT PORTAGE, Friday, Nov. 4.
WINNIPEG, Saturday to Wednesday, Nov. 5 to 9.
PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, Thursday, November 10.
CARBERRY, Friday, November 11.
BRANDON, Saturday and Sunday, November 12, 13.
REGINA, Monday, November 14.
CALGARY, Wednesday, November 16.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

Brigadier Pugnire's Proposed Tour

Carlton, Friday, Nov. 4th. (Soldiers' Meeting.)
St. John's, Sunday, Nov. 6th. Monday, Nov. 7th. (United Officers' and Soldiers' Councils.)
Fredericton, Wednesday, Nov. 9th. (United Officers' and Soldiers' Councils.)
Mrs. Pugnire will accompany the Brigadier to the above places.
Yarmouth, Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 12th and 13th.
Windsor, Monday, Nov. 14th. (Officers' and Soldiers' Councils.)
Halifax, Tuesday, Nov. 15th. (Officers' and Soldiers' Councils.)
Springhill, Wednesday, Nov. 16th. (Officers' and Soldiers' Councils.)
Moncton, Thursday, Nov. 17th. (Officers' and Soldiers' Councils.)
Newcastle, Friday, Nov. 18th. (Officers' and Soldiers' Councils.)

Major Collier will Visit:

Summerside, Tuesday, Nov. 3th.
Charlottetown, Wednesday, Nov. 5th.
New Glasgow, Thursday, Nov. 10th. (United Officers' and Soldiers' Councils.)
New Sydney, Friday, Nov. 11th.
Glace Bay, Saturday, Nov. 12th.
Sydney, Sunday, Nov. 13th.
North Sydney, Monday, Nov. 14th. (Officers' and soldiers pray for these gatherings.)

C. B. M. Prov. Agents' Appointments.

ENIGN STAGGERS—Bonner, Nov. 1; Phillipsburg, Nov. 2; New Glasgow, Nov. 3; Helen, Nov. 5; Glace Bay, Nov. 8; Wicks, Nov. 9; Bonport, Nov. 10; Basin, 11; Butte, Nov. 12, 13, 14.

ENIGN LEWIS—Perfection, Nov. 1; Montreal, Nov. 3-7; Kemplerville, Nov. 8; Ottawa, Nov. 10; Annapolis, Nov. 12; Pembroke, Nov. 13; Redfern, Nov. 15; Perth, Nov. 16.

ENIGN COLLIER—Part Lamb on, Nov. 3; Sarnia, Nov. 4; Petrolia, Nov. 5; Glenora, Nov. 7; Wyoming, Nov. 8; Forest, Nov. 9; Thedford, Nov. 10; Watford, Nov. 11; Smithburg, Nov. 12, 13.

ENIGN PERRY—Sussex, Nov. 5; Hillsboro, Nov. 7; Curryville, Nov. 8; Sussex, Nov. 10; Freeport, Nov. 11-13; Ward's Harbor, Nov. 17; West Head, Nov. 18; Clark's Harbor, Nov. 19, 20; Yarmouth, Nov. 21.

ENIGN ANDREWS—Dundas, Nov. 2; Brantford, Nov. 3; Oakville, Nov. 5; Aurora, Nov. 10; Holland Landing, Nov. 11; Newmarket, Nov. 12, 13; Stroud, Nov. 14; Barrie, Nov. 15, 16.



SUMMONED FOR OBSTRUCTION.

(See news from Great Britain.)



Commissioner Higgins is in good health and is spending a month in the South Indian Territory, inspecting the work and giving special attention to business affairs, in the absence of Colonel Musa Bhal, who is in England.

The cattle murrain is at present prevailing in Ceylon, and has broken out amongst our cattle and in our dairy. This is a great loss to our people there.

Major Pringle has just concluded a candidates' tour in the North Indian Territory with gratifying success, the object of this effort being to raise funds for the Sick and Wounded, Nursing, Medical and Rescue Work.

The following is an extract from the "Ceylon Standard," of August 19th:
THE CHIEF JUSTICE OF CEYLON
AND THE SALVATION ARMY
SOCIAL WORK.

The Chief Justice, Sir Winfield Bonser, after having examined the workings of the Salvation Army in Ceylon for the past

on the platform at the public meeting in which he hand-d certificates of acceptance to the first batch of these future officers.

Extensive alterations and additions have been made to our Melbourne Headquarters in order to give more accommodation to the increasing departments, especially the Printing and T. & D. departments.

Our work in Java is going ahead in a most encouraging fashion. To-morrow, our latest opening, has thirty converts.

Ensign Van Enrick, our planter to the island, had an interview with the Governor, who evinced much sympathy and gave a donation of \$20 for the work.

Staff-Capt. Brouwer, of Java, while on his bicycle in search for a building was attacked by two buffaloes, who took objections to his red coat. He searched, fortunately, with sufficient speed to escape being gored.



Brigadier Rolfe, of Jamaica, is on a five weeks' tour. At Savanna la Mar he had fourteen souls and enrolled nine soldiers. He reports that the corps is much improved. He enrolled nine more

His blood can make the
 vilest clean

LETHBRIDGE, N. W. T.—Our soul in the Fountain Sunday night.—Yours faithfully, Mandie Routie, R. C.

TRINITY, Nfld.—Harvest Festival over. Reached our target. We are going on to conquer.—H. Harris, Capt.

BERLIN—Capt. and Mrs. O'Neill with us yesterday. Good time. A few souls have been out since last report.

COLLINGWOOD—One dear man who has been in great distress of soul came out on Sunday.—William Clark, C. C.

HERSFIELD—Visited by Ensign Ottaway. Three soldiers' meetings last week. War Crys all sold.—W. H. R. C.

HALIFAX I—Crowds are increasing. On Sunday one soul for the blessing, and three at night for pardon. Praise God!—Treas. Caslin.

MOOSE JAW—Capt. Pearce at home on rest. Doing farewelling for Lethbridge. Things in general fairly good.—J. C. Midgah, R. C.

REVELSTOCK—Lieut. Meredith has farewelled. She has labored steadfastly here in our midst. Her farewell was an impressive one.—H. S. Smith.

MONTREAL I—Tuesday night we had a soldiers' tea. We had a real good time. Sunday all day, good times. One soul got saved at night.—W. G. R. C.

WINDSOR—Last week-end Ensign Collier was with us, and at the close of Sunday's meetings three souls had claimed deliverance through the Blood.—Fred Burton, Capt.

LISTOWEL—Capt. McCutcheon returned from his rest looking better. Yesterday's meetings were well attended, and we wound up at night with one soul in the Poutain.

VALLEY CITY—Ensign Cummins with us two days. Good time. Lantern Service. "The daughter of a King," just splendid. One soul since last report.—J. S. Flaws, Lieut.

OHILLIA—Since last report we have seen four souls kneeling at the foot of the Cross, two for the blessing of a dear heart, and two for salvation.—A. J. C., Reg. Cor.

FARGO—Major McMillan led the meetings Sunday, and we rejoiced that three souls sought salvation. Glory to God! Major and all the officers of the State are here for a few days.—M. H. S., Reg. Cor.

MINOT, N. D.—Had Ensign Cummins with us for three meetings. Good times, good crowds, finances good. Praise God forever! Two precious souls saved since last report.—A. Graham, Capt., B. Clark, Lieut.

KENTVILLE—We arrived here a few weeks ago. We are changing our Sunday School from Sunday morning to Sunday afternoon. We are expecting for larger attendance.—Lucret. S. E. Dawson, for Capt. Minge.

ST. JOHNSBURY—Glorious time at untill, also good week-end. One young woman gave her heart to God Sunday night. Ensign Sims' Lantern Service and meetings much appreciated.—Young and McNamey.

BONAVISTA, Nfld.—The heavenly notes are blowing. The past week has been a week of victory. Soldiers' and holiness meetings have been times of blessing, also two souls have professed to find salvation. Glory to God!—J. M. Bruce, Capt.

PICTON—We have got in a barracks on Main St., known as Congress Hall. Everyone who knows Picton will say this is a good bit. Old friends are coming back. Crowds good all day Sunday. Man and wife at the foot of Jesus Sunday night.—S. Blackburn, Adj.

WOODSTOCK, Ont.—We have had a visit from Bro. Capt. and Mrs. Phillips. God bless them. Mrs. Ensign Wakefield has, by God's power, love and grace, been restored and is again in our midst. More than that the Lord has saved some eleven or twelve souls.—J. Paul, R. C.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE—In the midst of the cold weather, rain and snow, we are neither frozen up or washed away, but are hard at work in pursuit of the enemy, and have captured three more prisoners since last report, who are now turning their name on the devil.—J. C. H.

LAKEFIELD—After three months fighting in the open-air, we have captured a building 15 x 25 feet for a barracks, which we are going to open for the salvation of souls on Saturday, the 22nd. Our building will be lighted with electric light and well heated, and we believe for a lot of souls this winter.

KINGSTON—On Monday evening Rev. Dr. Evans, of New York, gave us a lecture on his trip to the Holy Land. It was indeed a treat for all present. Sunday night no one yielded until 10:30, but the comrades stuck to the fight well, and before we closed we had the joy of seeing three precious souls.—Adj. D. F. McAmmond.

HARBOUR GRACE—We had Captain Norman with us for two days last week. Fine meetings, two souls saved. Good meetings all day Sunday, two backsliders came home in the afternoon. Memorial service at night for our departed sister, Margaret French. Very impressive, one poor wanderer returned to her Father's house.—J. W. Hest, Cor.

WALLACEBURG—Mrs. Major Cooper has been here for three months, said farewell on Sunday, and went home to see her brother, Rev. M. Crosby, whom she has not seen for ten years, also Lieut. Piers goes to Bathwell, and one of our best soldiers, Brother Thompson, went to the Garrison, so I am left pretty much alone. The farewell meeting was a very impressive time. The crowd was the largest that has been at the barracks for some time.

After the meeting had closed, a number of the unwarmed boys and girls sang. Shall we meet beyond the river?—Lieut. Fiddle.

BURIN, Nfld.—Since last you heard from us we have had souls saved and our barracks painted inside. Some of our unwarmed friends of Great Burin and Foot's Island came and helped the comrades to paint the barracks. They helped us both in money and work. We are getting things under weigh for spiritual work now, after all the busy summer.—Capt. L. England.

BRACEBRIDGE—Backsliders are returning home and four souls this week. Dear Capt. Barker and her Lieutenant are farewelling. War Crys all sold out. I have heard the enlargement highly spoken of by outsiders. I have been a constant reader myself for over ten years, and would not like to have to do without it.—G. Marshall.

HALIFAX II—Had a good day on Sunday. Afternoon meeting led by Adj. McMillan, and half hour good counsel after. Ensign Beckstead assisted at night, also our two boys from H. M. S. "Renown. Fire a volley for "Little Jim," who has got promoted since leaving here three weeks ago. God bless them. War Crys all sold.—G. P. Thompson.

RIGINA—Treas. Kerr, of Great Falls, Pacific Province, paid us a visit. He used to be an old citizen. Many were surprised to see that he had become a Blood-and-Fire Salvationist. Many comrades will be sorry to hear of the misfortune that has befallen Sergt.-Major Pennell, who is section foreman on the Prince Albert branch, having all destroyed by fire. We are very thankful to God that he and his family are safe and proving the wonderful power of the One they love and serve.—Geo. Gamble, R. C.

CHARLETTETOWN—Several officers have been with us on farlough.—Lieut. McLeod, Lieut. Edna Melkie, Lieut. Doyle, Capt. Edith Price and Capt. and Mrs. Fred Knight. How glad we have been to see them all. Brothers Windsor and Penney, from Barbouren, were also here for a week-end, cheering us with song and testimony. Adj. Crichton is far from well.—H.

SOCIAL FARM—At Tuesday's meeting two things happened. One young man was converted, and \$2.50 was raised by the colonists for Adj. Dudd's travelling expenses when he farewells. Two anti-there made it \$30, and other neighbors have made it \$50, and it may be considerably more by next Friday, when that farewell is to come off. Hallelujah!—A. C. Good.

BARRIE—Adj. Myers has returned from a much-needed rest, and we are pleased to report that he is much better in every way for it. Since his return seven souls have also returned to God and sought salvation, and seven more have sought the blessing of a clean heart. Soldiers on fire, good spirit in meetings, deep conviction on every hand, and the devil mad. We are under farewell orders.—J. Capper, Lieut.

LOWISTON, Idaho—We have just said good-bye to our officers, Capt. Allen and Lieut. Knoll, who have been with us a few months. The fight during the summer months has been hard, yet God has rewarded them with victory. The farewell meeting Sunday night was well filled with an attentive audience. Captain spoke, filled with power and spirit. We were greatly blessed. Sinners convicted.

NEWMARKEET—Last Sunday afternoon and evening we had with us four colored ministers, from the land across the border, who were attending the Christian Convention here. They did the service and we had large crowds. On Wednesday evening we were favored with a visit from Adj. Myers, Barrie, and Capt. Palling, of Aurora. Captain Williams accompanied the Adjutant to Aurora Friday evening.—W. T. O., Aux.

PARIS—The Galt band boys came over to give us a lift on Saturday and Sunday. The night meeting capped all. The operator seemed to attract the people, and shortly after the band got inside the building was nearly full. The boys did not spare themselves, but went in with all their strength to do something for God. The band deserves much credit for their beautiful playing and the spirit with which they play.—Wm. McLauchlin, Reg. Cor.

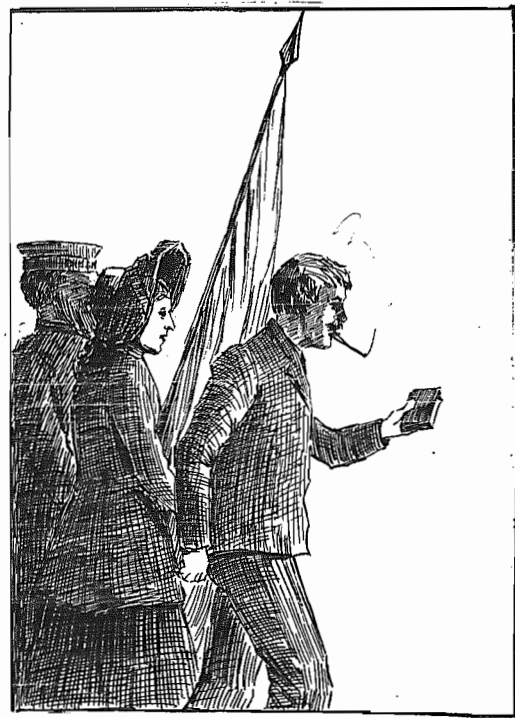
GRAVENHURST—We had the joy of welcoming Lieut. Litter to our camp Monday, but we were also very sorry to lose Lieut. Northcott, on the 12th inst., who has fought so bravely with us. Week-end meetings led by Mrs. Ensign Atwell, and Monday night accompanied by the Ensign. We had a lovely time. After the meeting we had a very successful farewell social for the Ensign and his wife. We had the joy of seeing five souls in the Fountain last week.—K. T., Cor.

MONTREAL I—On Thursday last the League of Mercy were in charge of the meeting. Mrs. Syndgton conducted the meeting. There were about ten of the League of Mercy members present, who spoke regarding the League of Mercy work. Sergt. E. Gatehouse, Sister Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Matron Werhau sang solos, also Adj. Robert, of the French corps, sang a solo in French. On Saturday night Bandmen Goodale and Scruton were in charge. The subject of the meeting was, "A modern prodigal."—J. R. C.

The Central Chief at St. Catharines.

(Special.)

Our new P. O's, Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin, lovingly and heartily were met on Saturday night. Enthusiasm ran high. Sunday all day good crowds, good collections and three souls forward. Monday night the Brigadier's famous lecture, "Queer fish and how they're caught." Immensely enjoyed and applauded with high crowd present. Well come to the first time the Brigadier took for winter's campaign.—Ensign Fox.



"With Jesus as my Saviour, and the Bible as my guide, I shall go for it from this point form a reclaimed backslider, and a true and faithful soldier of the Army."

Harry Hustler's Happy Hunting Ground.

Southall's Seagram Swiftly Speeding and Leading — Bennett's Mag Follows

Still as Second—Gaskin's Nigger in Need of Oats—The Eastern Star

Again Rises to Prominence - North-West Steadily Gaining—There are Still Others, but do not Ask Where!

Facts speak more eloquently than Harry's notes. Look at the list and behold the noble West-Ontarian still well in the front. His hustlers show up really the best of any, for they show the highest sales as individuals. Go it! West Ontario, more power to your Hustlers. We are right glad to be able to give a photo of one of the W. O. P. War Cry Brigades in this issue.

This reminds me, all officers and soldiers will please note:—The Editor would be pleased to receive photo. of home s and War Cry Brigad s, as many as you like to send. They shal appear in the Hustlers' page in due time. All photos which have written on the back of it the name of the sender or owner, and the words, "Peace r turn" shal be returned promptly, as soon as a cut has been made of the photo. Come now, busy Hustlers, and let us have a deluge of boomers' photos.

Honor to whom honor is due! Mr. Bennett has pleasantly and steadily increased in his Hustlers' list, and it appears as if he is going to hold his place as second, any day. I would hardly dare to say that gentleman is thirteen ahead of him, but you can never tell what will come.—and it is at any rate within the reach of possibility, that East Ontario may yet be on the very top. "Let us hope for the best and prepare for the worst" is a very convenient passage to quote here.

Here he comes ! Behold him, but don't sneer. He has been the sole occupant of the top for many weeks, and though he has now taken place number three in the hustlers honor roll, yet he is a mighty man, and may yet in some grim revel raise his strong hand to smite the host of the others—but I am premature, his Nigger wants some long oats, and he'll be all right again for another race.

What is the light breaking in the East? Is it the Eastern Star rising once more in splendor?—fifty hustlers. No, don't sneeze, because they are blue-noses. Just wait, they will give you something to ponder over yet, or else I have wrong understood the look of blood in Major Collier's eye—my!

The North-West is showing most encouraging signs of budding life. Thirty-six is a splendid showing. Congratulations, frater McMillan. I should not be at all surprised, but that the late councils will help greatly in increasing the enthusiasm amongst the officers.

There are others, as we have said on different occasions, but we can only give them another passage for comfort: "Grin and bear it."

We cannot close without drawing attention to the appearance of the Klondike Expedition in the Hustlers' column. Harry joyfully comes them, and well they show off—one hustler with 200 sales, out of seven officers, isn't bad, I think. Go ahead, Klondike and send us a sample nugget for exhibition in the Editorial Office.

READ CAREFULLY THE TWO
HUSTLERS' REPORTS AND LEARN
FROM IT.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

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Mrs. Sergt.-Major Ruck, Chatham	115
And. L. Ring, R. Ridgewood	100
Ensign F. Ring, R. Ridgewood	99
Capt. Mathers, Galt	80
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Capt. Ed. Bonney, Bothwell	80
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Capt. A. D. Sloie, Ingram	75
Sergeant A. Ycomans, Chatham	75
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Mrs. Wm. Wm. Foubister, Windsor	61
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Ensign Gamble, Petrolu	61
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Adt. Cawls, London	61
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Capt. Le m, e	60
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Sergt. Scott, Gulph	47
M. S. Hater, Beila	47
Capt. Stephens, Stratford	44
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Aunt. A. Hampton, St. Thomas	40
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A MODEL BOOMER'S RETURN.

Boomtown, Oct. 1st, 1898.

Virtue Jones	130
Minnie Brown	100
John Goodenough	75
Eddie Cough better	25
Paul Starter	20

YOUNG SOLDIER BOOMERS. Boom-
town—

Grace Darling	58
Ruth Dumbling	45
Faith Finder	22

William Weary.

(The above written on a postcard and addressed to the Editor, S. A. Temple, Toronto.)

A MOTTLED BOOMER'S RETURN

Mixupton, Oct. 1st, 1898.

To the Editor :

Dear Editor

I am pleased to be able to send you the names of two boomers from this place, this week, as follows: Minnie Brown sold thirty for one week. Virtue Jones sold twenty for one week, also one of the J. Soldiers sold twenty-six Y. S. for two weeks and thirteen for two weeks. I am also sending the photo of —. (Here follows more business.)

The above is an exact copy of the letter received, only the names have been changed. Compare the two reports and help us to make up the long list of boomers as quickly as possible, by reporting as shown in the model report.—Harry Hustler.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE

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Sister L. Pellard, O'Kville	1
Lieut. Jackson, Oshawa	45
Capt. W. H. Rice, Riversdale	46
Sr. Sgt.-Major Bowler, Ligar St.	47
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Capt. Hanna, Hamilton	1
Capt. Nelson, Chatham	2
Cadet Cook, Lippincott	37
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Bro. Wm. Stevens, Riversdale	44
Bro. Stanton, Hamilton	45
Capt. Barker, Braceridge	46
Lieut. Dake, Oshawa	47
Bro. Calvert, Braceridge	48
Sr. Sgt. M. Stickle, Ligar St.	49
Capt. Brown, Oshawa	50
Sister T. Matheson, Hamilton	51
Cadet Cooper, Lippincott	52

EASTERN PROVINCE

50 Hustlers.

50 Hustlers.	
Sergt. M. Smith, Windsor	80
Cadet Taylor, St. John I.....	118
Sergt.-Major Veno, Halifax II.....	110
Cand. D. Long, Pictou (av. 2 wks) ..	08
Bro. J. Kelley, St. Georges, Per. (av 2 wks)	102
Cadet D. Aikin, Fred. Pictou	101
Sister C. Mervy, St. John I.....	101



PETROLIA WAR ORY BRIGADE

Our Cry Brigade is not very large, as far as numbers are concerned, but we are large in our love for the Cry. We each have our district and, single handed, work it.

Now, there is little Frankl' M. nn, th' second in line. He has s-ld Crys for nearly a year regularly ev'ry week. His district is t'rn'd the Marthaville district. He is training himself for a school. He is a son of Joseph M. n, the fourth in line, thorough Salvationist who loves ev'rything connected with the Army. He is a well-known Little lad and work' th' district known as Pitt-Hole, so called on acc't of the many oil-pits there. May the Cry be the means of making it 'Little Heaven.' In the centre is Bro. Mac. Gray, a convert. Last winter '81 g. Bro. Gray, a son of the household, was sent to the district of Marthaville and Army fort, where many hearts join the

boomer and still love the dear old S. A. The first lassie, Lieut. Fyfe, is a work r and does not mind walking a l day with her War Cys. The east onl of Petolla claims h r exclusively. Every boy and girl there knows her, and gre-ts her cheerly on her appearance with the Cry. She loves them, too, and well they know h. My G-d bless Petolla's brave Lieutenant.

Last on the picture is your humble servant, S. E. Ottaway. She takes the business portion of the town, and well knows not only the regular customers, but the chance ones, and not only knows them, but loves and prays for them, for love begets love. They love the Army and Cry, so it is an easy matter to love them. They're not a bad set yet. May God hasten the time when they shall love God with all their hearts, and man, God strengthen and keep those who are His. Is the prayer of their dear old boomer, S. E. Ottaway.

OF MANY.

Life Sketch of Thomas Gillies, the
Saved Drunkard.

By HIMSELF.

Having been requested to write a sketch of my life for the War Cry, I gladly agreed, thinking perhaps it might fall into the hands of some one in the same position as myself.

I was born in the South of Ireland, in the year 1861. My father belonged to the Church of England. Mother died when I was very young, in fact, I have no recollection of her whatever. Father kept a general store—groceries, hardware, and hotel combined. He was a great drunkard, would keep sober for a while, then break out and be drunk for a couple of weeks at a time, though he never abused me until he got married the second time. Many had in my mind I had to sleep out when he was drunk, afraid of my life to come in; but that was not the worst, he made a drunkard out of me. I remember well when he would bring the bottle down every morning, and we would all have

Whiskey in our Tea.

He would pour it in the cups for us. At dinner time we had beer or porter, and generally had eggs—now before 8 1/2 to bed.

I remember well the first time I was drunk. I was only seven years of age, and yet I had a certain amount of drink every day. I would be a half-drunk man, school, always got into trouble, but put out of one school and then go to another. The appetite for strong drink growing worse and worse.

Father's mother, a very old woman, lived in a town four miles distant from

us. She was in the hotel business, and was always writing to father, urging him to sell out and go in a partnership with her. This he agreed to, and they did so. His business, but the town, which was a large one, was a terrible place for drinking and everything that was bad. I was then 12 or 13 years of age. I kept going to school, but drink was my master and I could not control the appetite for it. I would go and help myself to beer or whiskey, or whatever I took a fancy to, so that I would go to school drunk, and be sure to have a fight with one of the scholars, or the teacher, till finally, I was expelled.

I went then to a Methodist school, but had to leave on account of fighting and raising a disturbance.

Then I went to the Catholic school, but was just as bad there, fighting and quarrelling and

Striking the Teacher

with an ink bottle, for which I was expelled. I was not learning much, the drink had taken all my senses away, so after going to all the schools in the town I was sent to a private school, kept tipping all the time, though I remained at this school till I had a fair education.

My father had a married brother in the hotel business in the same county, but though he said liquor he was a very different man from father, he could take a drink, but would not get drunk. His wife was just the opposite; she would get drunk every opportunity, and finally

Drink Caused Her Death.

They had no family, and when his wife was gone, there was no one to look after the business, as uncle had a pack of hounds to take out three or four times a week, and could not attend to his hotel properly.

One morning I got a letter from him, saying he wanted to see me. I arrived there and soon found out what he wanted. I was then about 16 years of

age. He asked me if I thought I could take charge of the store and hotel when he was away. "Well," he said, "for God's sake don't take hold of the business if you do not intend to keep a bar, and what is right, because I do not want anyone else to kill themselves with drink in my house." He said, "If you keep sober and attend to the bar, I will leave the store and start you in business, provided you keep straight for two years. Then you may do it." He asked, and replied, "I will do it."

I started, but it was not long before I began taking five or six glasses of brandy (strong flavoured drink) a day, and kept on till

I Could Take Twenty Glasses

without anyone noting a change in me. It was a long time before I was found out.

My uncle was watching up the clock one night, and after that said, "You might not well close up, there seems to be no more customers coming in." So I got all the doors locked but one, and that was the door leading into the hall and shop. He was waiting for me, I could not lock it to save my life, though if I had been sober, I could have done so. He came in, and said, "What is the matter with the door to-night?" I said, "I don't know." He looked at it himself in an instant, then he said, "You are a bar, you're drunk," and gave me a shove over a lot of beer-barrels. He looked me in the store all night. It suited me O.K., for when I wanted to drink, I would get up and get one, so that in the morning I was just as drunk as when he looked me. He said, "Pick up and get out of here." I said, "All right." It did not trouble me much, so I left that day and went home.

Father asked what was wrong. I said I had been taking a little too much drink. "Well," he said, "you cannot have around me drinking and getting drunk. If you cannot control your drinking, you cannot with me." You are the one," says I. "That"

Made Me a Drunkard.

and now you do not want me around, let me remain here a few weeks, till I procure a situation of some kind." So I was consented. I put my advertisement in the paper for a situation in a store. About a week after I got an answer from a firm in the city of Dublin, with whom my father used to deal, offering me so much and my board.

I made up my mind that if I got the "bounty" I would join the British Army or Navy, so I got all ready to start when in walked my uncle.

"What are you going to do with Tom now?" he asked, without mentioning my plans, said, "There's no use of him going to Dublin, or anywhere else, for he is too big a drunkard to stay."

"I'll like it," I said, "and I'll bet I'll not come back."

"If I give you another chance," said my uncle, "will you try and reform. I'm getting old and I won't live much longer, but I am worth a considerable, and have a good farm that I can fall back on, so you have made up your mind to keep straight for a year from now. I will make the store over to you, and give you full possession, starting for yourself. Now you know what business stands between us, so suit yourself whether you go or not."

I said, "I'll give it one more trial," and started for his home next morning, but was not there a month before I began tipping again. Things went on like this for eight months, ailing drink from behind the bar from Monday morn'g till 11 p.m. Saturday. Open again after 2 p.m. Sunday and sell till 11 p.m.

He caught me drunk again, but forgave me. He tried to humor me every way, but I kept getting worse; stopped out all night, fighting, knocking around.

Getting Arrested

For being drunk, but always managed to pay my fines. At last he saw the case was no use trying to do anything for me, so one day he said, "I am going to sell off my stock by auction and quit business," and he gave me £20 (\$300).

I packed up my traps and started for home once more, but in a short time I was drinking, staying out all night, travelling from one place to another, till my money was all gone.

(To be continued.)

LOANS I LOANS I LOANS I

ANY PERSON HAVING MONEY TO INVEST would do well to write to Territorial Headquarters for information. We can offer most reliable security with interest for large or small sums. Full particulars can be had from J. H. Stewart, Corner James and Albert Streets, Toronto.

THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.

To those who think of travelling to the old country, we would like to call special attention to the fact that we can secure tickets for the Canadian Steamship Company on very favorable terms. For full particulars apply to HAZEN SUTTON, 24 Temple Toronto.

WE ALWAYS TRY TO PLEASE.



Winter is Coming on and we are Ready

SPLENDID VALUES IN OVERCOATING
Entirely New Lines. Guaranteed Fast Color.

	Without Cape.	With Cape.
Worsted, No. 563	\$20 00	\$26 00
" " 1891	19 00	25 00
" " 4777	18 00	23 50
" " 4621	17 00	22 00
" " 494	16 00	21 00
Frieze	14 00	19 00

WE ARE ALSO CARRYING A GOOD RELIABLE LINE OF MEN'S AND LADIES' UNDERWEAR & HOSE

For Winter Use.

ENTIRELY NEW GOODS

FOR MEN

Shirt and Drawers, Natural Wool, per piece	\$0 50
" " Mottled, fleece lined, per piece	0 70
" " Alaska, " " "	1 00
Half hose, per pair, at 20c. and	0 30

FOR LADIES.

Fleece lined Vests and Drawers, per pair	\$1 00
" Starter" Vests, each, 25c. and	0 50
Hygienic Drawers, per pair, 32c. and	0 40
Cashmere Hose, per pair, 30c. 40c. and	0 50

Ask your Provincial Officer to show you these goods and we are convinced you will give us your order. Respectfully,

THE TRADE SECRETARY.

Capt. Brelunt, St. John I.	100
Capt. Mrs. Thompson, St. S. John	80
Capt. Bowring, Glouce Bay	80
Sergt. Mrs. Olive, Charlott	80
Capt. Green, St. John I.	80
Sister M. Graham, Halifax	67
Capt. Hayman, St. John I.	67
Sr. Geo. Wambolt, Halifax	67
Sister Susie Ledans, Fredricton (iv. 2 wks)	66
Lieut. Muntari, Westport	66
Lieut. Davies, Cunne	67
Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton (ay. 2 wks)	67
Sergt. M. Morrison, Glouce Bay	50
Bro. Bond, St. John I.	50
Bro. J. Burtram, St. John I.	50
(iv. 2 wks)	60
Sergt. Moore, Windsor	50
Lieut. Meagle, Westport	50
Capt. A. Hunt, St. John I.	50
Lieut. Miller, Annapolis	45
Lieut. L. Bell, Charlott	40
Lieut. Gray, Fredericton	40
Sister C. Conrad, Halifax	31
Capt. Pierce, Houlton, Me.	35
Sergt. J. Irons, Windsor	31
Sister M. Holley, St. John I.	35
Sister M. Pollock, Fredericton	35
(2 wks)	31
Cadet Armstrong, Fredericton	31
Sister Work, Westport	30
Cadet Campbell, Kentville	30
Lieut. Field, Kentville	30
Lieut. D. Rogers, St. John I.	30
Sister M. Holley, St. John I.	30
Bro. D. Rogers, Houlton	25
Sister B. Ferguson, Halifax	21
and, Gilmartin, Halifax	21
Cadet Dunnigan, Fredericton	21
Capt. Lamont, Fredericton	20
Bro. Atchemon, St. John I.	20
Sergt. Ash, St. John I.	20
Sister M. Ash, St. John I.	20
Bro. McWilliams, Windsor	20
Murray Fox, St. George, B. I.	21
Capt. Thompson, Halifax	20

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE

26 Hustlers.

Lieut. Baring, Moose Jaw	11
Cadet Huss II, W. N. Post	80
Lieut. Strong, Prince Albert	80
Ensign Hayes, Regina	77
Capt. Campbell, Valley City	70
Capt. Mitchell, Grand Forks	50
Cadet Wick, Winnipeg	40
Cadet Pursey, K. T. P. 1st Regt.	40
Lieut. L. Benson, Lehigh	41
Cadet Harris, Winnipeg	41
Cadet Hansen, Lehigh	41
Sister S. Chapman, W. N. Post	41
Ensign K. Hayes, Fargo	41
Cadet Adams, Rat Portage	47
Capt. Charlton, Fargo	45
Sister S. Crawford, Valley City	34
Adj. Macnamara, Jamestown	34
Cadet Halbrook, Minn. da	33
Cadet McLeod, Rat Portage	30
Treas. M. Hawes, Moosemin	31
Mrs. Bulard, Portage la Prairie	10
Sister McNaught, Portage la Prairie	30
Lieut. Hammond, Rat Portage	19
Cadet Haud, Rat Portage	19
Cadet McKee, Minnedosa	25
Adj. Thomas, Grand Forks	27
Sister M. Chapman, Winnipeg	25
Sister Johnston, Winnipeg	25
Cadet Wilcox, Winnipeg	25
Sergt. Major Brundage, St. J. G.	24
Cadet McLeod, Jamestown	21
Capt. Halbrook, Portage la Prairie	23
Lieut. K. Miller, Portage la Prairie	22
Sister Coleman, Moosemin	21
Sister Sanford, Winnipeg	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE

11 Hustlers.

Capt. Perrenoud, Kelowna	120
Cadet Boyd, Vancouver	110
Mrs. Adj. Ayre, Victoria	105
Capt. Thoroldson, Nanaimo	75
Mrs. Capt. Hooker, Wallace	71
Ensign Bunting, Vancouver	71
Sister B. Connor, Vancouver	40
Sister Lewis, Victoria	40
Sister McIntyre, Victoria	35
Sister Gordon, Nanaimo	35
Capt. Hooker, Wallace	21

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE

3 Hustlers.

Minnie Fisher, Bonaville	33
Capt. Harrit, Trinity	2
Virtue Fisher, Bonaville	21

KLONDIKE

1 Hustler.

Lieut. Aiken, Dawson City	200
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GASKIN'S POSITION SAVED.

Nigger Got a Wiggle on at the Last Moment.

It is only fair to state, that a flat with ten names on was found in the wrong pigeon-hole (Harry Hunter's pocket) and as these ten names were given in in time they could be added to this week's total of the C. O. P. This brings Gaskin second, and very close to S. H. Hall.

Sister Pearce, Temple 106 |

Sister Hedrick, Temple 102 |

Lieut. Howcroft, Patsy Sound 60 |

Bro. Dixon, Temple 60 |

Sister Curran, Temple 53 |

Bro. Bradley, Temple 50 |

Sister McQuinn, Temple 50 |

Sister Boulton, Temple 21 |

Mrs. Gudmundson, Temple 21 |

Sister Garvie, Temple 20 |



Holiness.

Tunes—Holly (H.J. 27, 2): It was on the cross (H.J. 17, 30); Why not to-night? (H.J. 131, 1).

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
on which the Prince of glory died,
All earthly gain I count but dross,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See I from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down,
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compense so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Shall have my soul, my life, my all.

Send the Fire!

BY THE GENERAL.

Tunes—Christ for me (R. B. 18): Will you go? (R. B. 13): We're travelling (H. B. 7): What's the news? (R. B. 12, 3).

2 Thou Christ, of burning, cleansing
flame,
Send the Fire!
Thy blood-bought gift to-day we claim—
Send the Fire!
Look down and see this waiting host,
Give us the promised Holy Ghost—
We want another Pentecost,
Send the Fire!

God of Elijah, hear our cry,
Send the Fire!
He'll make us fit to live or die—
Send the Fire!
To burn up every trace of sin,
To bring the light and glory in,
The revolution now begin—
Send the Fire!

'Tis Fire we want, for Fire we plead,
Send the Fire!
The Fire will meet our every need—
Send the Fire!
For strength to ever do the right,
For grace to conquer in the fight,
For power to walk the world in white—
Send the Fire!

Not Alone.

Tunes—Not my own, but saved by Jesus.
BY STAFF CAPT. J. C. LUDGATE.

3 Not alone, but close to Jesus,
I am walking day by day;
Basking in His smile and presence,
At His side I mean to stay.

Chorus.

Not alone, oh, no; not alone, oh, no;
Jesus daily walks with me,
All along life's pilgrim journey,
By His side He says: "He'll be."

Not alone, with Christ, my Saviour,
Through the storms of sorrow roll,
Gladly I can toil and suffer,
If His presence fills my soul.

Not alone, though all forsake me,
Friends and foes alike betray;
He will always keep beside me,
Even till my dying day.

Not alone, when through the valley
Of death's shadow I shall go;
His sweet presence will sustain me,
He will carry power overhead.

A Respectable Man's Experience.

Tunes—All eyes look alike to me.

4 Talk about the pleasures of tobacco,
I think I know if anybody does;
I need to think it was my only com-
fort.

And something I never would refuse,
'Tis a drug that serves to soothe a guilty
conscience.

By slowing up the beating of the heart,
And the pipe has been my company when
lonely.

So I thought that we would never part,
'Tis quite a boon when you're alone,
And often serves to soothe the nerves—
Makes you feel good when you ain't.

NOW I HAVE PARDON.

WORDS AND MUSIC
LIEUT. HEARNS.

ACCOMPANIMENT ARRANGED
BY LIEUT. EASTON.

ONCE FAR I WANDERED IN FOLLY AND SHAME, KNOWING THEN NAUGHT OF THE LOVE OF HIS NAME;

BY THE WORLD FASCINATED, YET SADDENED WITHIN I ONWARD DID GO IN MY TRESPASS AND SIN.

NOW I HAVE PARDON, NOW I AM FREE, JESUS TO-DAY IS UNITED WITH ME,

I AM SO HAPPY NOW I CAN SING, GLORY TO GOD IN THE CHILD OF A KING.

Oh, once far I wandered in folly and shame,
Knowing then naught of the love of His name;
By the world fascinated, yet saddened within,
I onward did go in my trespass and sin.

Now I have pardon, now I am free,
Jesus to-day is united with me,
I am so happy, now I can sing,
"Glory to God! I'm the child of a King!"

God often called me, but I would not yield,
Onward I went, and my heart 'gainst Him steeled;
In love and in mercy He plead with my soul,
Saying, "Oh, guilty sinner, wilt thou be made whole?"

My pride and my passion for pleasure, were great,
I knew if I came I must all sin forsake;
But gently I heard that sweet, loving voice
Ever calling me forth to make Him my choice.

I yielded, thank God, with my heart full of grief,
And in penitence knelt, and sought sweet relief;
Since then I've enjoyed the rich blessings of God,
And to-day I rejoice in the sin-cleansing Blood.

Reflected there was power in example,
Concluded I was myself to blame,
Told the youngster (though indeed
assumed to own it)

I was wrong and needed to get nicely
saved.

And I'm glad because he too has gone
and done it.

For my boy is now quite well-behaved,
My heart is light, my soul is right,
Good appetite, can sleep all night,
Makes me feel good 'cause I am.

Adj. McIndoe.

Solo.

BY BRO. RITCHIE.

Tunes—The Bible my mother gave to me.

5 I've been thinking to-day of a time
that is past.

When I came to the Cross with my
sin;

Many changes, indeed, o'er my pathway
have crossed.

Since I first to the fold entered in,
There are those who had fought by my
side years ago.

They are gone now in different ways,
And even the old hall I hardly would
know.

In the place where I spent my convert
days.

Chorus.

Tenderly those memories of my convert
hours
Cling to my heart always,
And visions return to a spot to me dear,
'Tis the place where I spent my convert
days.

The Captain who wept when I knelt
there to pray,
I have not seen for many a year,
And the comrades who led me to Cal-
vary's way

Still my mind will return to that blest
happy spot
And my voice deep emotion betrays,
For though all my life's changes I never
have forgot

That place where I spent my convert
days.

Though I go to a land that I never have
seen,
Or sail on some far distant sea,
There's a place in my memory that ever
is green.

'Tis the best of earth's places to me,
'Twas there a poor sinner the Lord took
me in.

And pardoned my many delays,
There the light from the Cross scatters
darkness and sin.

In the place where I spent my convert
days.

Time—Rocked in the cradle of the deep
(H. J. 66).

6 For pardon at the Cross I feel,
Deserving naught from God but hell;
Ally ransom by the Blood I sought,
The pardon of my Saviour bought.

Chorus.

For Jesus shed His blood for me,
That I might from my sin be free,
I know that I have proved His cleansing
power;

You may be saved this very hour.

The burden of my sins I felt,
My misery, and sin, and guilt,
Had forced me into deep despair;
When, lo! a voice said, "Child, why
dost thou fear?"

I then just took it as the gift
of God's own love, my sin to lift.
The devil has now lost his power,
I am kept, saved by grace from hour to
hour.

World-Wide Salvation.

Tunes—Gospel bells.

7 God saves in many a nation,
Guilty sinners everywhere,
Through this Army of Salvation,
With the drum, we march so dear,
With our music and our singing,
We will praise our Saviour's name,
And fight in this last Army
Till Jesus comes again.

Chorus.

Army drum, Army drum,
Sound the joyful news to all:
On the square, in the slum,
Sinners to the Saviour call.

There are numbers praising Jesus,
Who just heard the Army drum,
Poor lost and wretched sinners,
Fast sinking down in sin,
But now they're saved and marching
In our Army ranks to-day,
And bravely in God's service,
They fight, and watch, and pray.

Trumpeter Howell.

"Unless you can bring the scent of
the hay fields across the footlights, it
is no use putting a drama on the
stage," was a professional saying in
my theatrical days. Unless we can
bring the influence of Christ and Cal-
vary into our life and work, it is no use
attempting to work for God and the
people.—Commissioner Nicol.

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